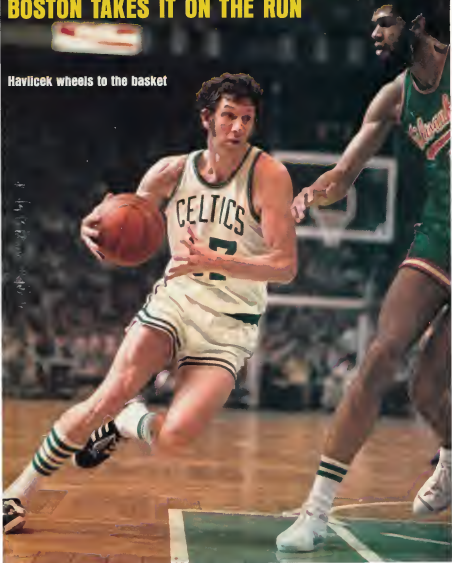


Sports Illustrated

MAY 20, 1974 60 CENTS

BOSTON TAKES IT ON THE RUN

Havlicek wheels to the basket



Today this Holiday Inn helped 463 businessmen save energy.

"Front desk." "This is Phil May in 1827. Is there a place where I can get a quick press for my suit?... Your valet service?... terrific."

"A great idea, Chuck. Holding the regional sales meeting here saved us lots of trouble."

"Let's take a quick dip in the pool and then go up to the restaurant and talk business over a thick, juicy steak."

"Relax, Ray. There's an ice machine at the end of the hall."

"I'll handle it here. Call me or leave a message at the switchboard. It's open all night."

"Larry, let's keep working and call room service. Ham and swiss on rye sound good to you?"

"George you could have held the meeting here and avoided that ticket. Holiday Inns have free parking."

"You don't have to run out to cash a check, Rob. Just charge your bill on one of your credit cards."

One of the nicest features about Holiday Inn is that just about all the facilities you need are inside, so you can avoid the energy shortage outside.

And only Holiday Inn can offer you all these facilities in over 1600 convenient locations around the world.

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Save time, money and energy with Holiday Inn.

Holiday Inn.
The most accommodating people in the world.





"I may not sell you Crum & Forster insurance even if you ask for it."

*John N. Hackney, Jr.
Independent Insurance Agent
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More than 6,000 independent insurance agents handle Crum & Forster's property and casualty insurance and a lot of other companies as well.

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Something for menthol smokers to think about.

There are menthol cigarettes and there are menthol cigarettes. And if you're a menthol smoker you certainly know by now which one you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you? Well, we're going to try.

Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It's simply the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine. Menthol 11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Sept. 73

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SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, 41 60611; personnel office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Clifford E. Givens, Treasurer; Charles D. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription prices in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; delivery personnel anywhere in the world \$6.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

SECOND SALVO for Cannonade is the Preskness, in which some new colts will be gunting for the winner of the Kentucky Derby. Whitney Tower describes the big blast at Pinhook.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE is in order for the Colonel, the best of golf's designated tournaments, at which all of the leading players must appear. And so also must Dan Jenkins.

SACRED RITES of servitude bond some warriors to Japan's feudal past. But these men who glory in grit and strength also take pride in their sport's bond-age. Kenny Moore reports.

There was a Grand American handing out cigars on September 25, 1950.



"Seven pounds, 14 ounces and all muscle," he said.

And they all laughed with him.

Then they drank to the health and happiness of his new son.

And, of course, to the new mother.

Everyone there was soon infected by his smile, and every father reminded of his firstborn, and the joy that was born with it.

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It was the best doggone whiskey they could get then. And it still is.

It still has the classic smooth taste of Schenley, the unique honest flavor, the heritage of celebrated good times.

And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.



Schenley

The Grand American
Whiskey.

We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.

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MUSEUM COLLECTIONS

Dept. SI Box 999 Radio City Station New York, New York 10019

Guess Dave Hill's card at Turnberry and we'll give you a chance to beat it at St. Andrews.

THE CONTEST

Dave Hill went to Scotland last year to play in the British open and shot a great round of 64*

fill in
score
on entry
blank



Unfortunately, he shot it after the tournament was over. But Dave's bad luck can be your good fortune. All you have to do is figure, fiddle, or find out just what Dave Hill carded on each of the back nine holes in that round. Then, fill out the attached score card and send it in. If your figures tally with the official score card, you have a chance for a 7 day golf vacation for two.

TO THE VICTORS

There will be 8 winners in our contest. If you're one, you and a partner (golf, marriage, et. al.) of your choice will be flown off to seven days of play

mention seven days of lodging and entertainment provided by British Transport Hotels, world famous for their cuisine.

**British
airways**

All overseas air transportation provided by British Airways.

WHO'S RUNNING THINGS

The contest is sponsored by William Grant & Sons. Makers of Grant's 8 Year Old Scotch, and Grant's Royal 12 Year Old Scotch.



OFFICIAL RULES 1. No Purchase Necessary—Enter as many letters as you wish using the free entry blanks (include only one entry for each envelope submitted). Only one winner will be awarded to a single family.

2. Eligibility—This event is open to all adult residents of Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Maryland, and New York, except employees of William Grant & Sons and their subsidiaries and subsidiaries of subsidiaries, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and advertising agencies, its subsidiaries, organizations, its employees and manufacturers of Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland, promotional materials and services and the facilities of the resorting.

3. Dates—Grant's 8 offers 8 prizes, each consisting of a one week golfing vacation in Scotland—including British Airways and domestic round trip economy class air transportation to Scotland from the continental airport closest to your home, 7 nights, double-occupancy lodging and meals at the Castle Hotel of Turnberry, St. Andrews and Gleneagles, golfing, caddy and club rental fees and ground transportation in Scotland. Each winning adult may bring one adult companion provided they travel together and share equally accommodations. Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland, prizes must be taken during the week beginning September 1974. Prizes are non-transferable in an eligible third party with William Grant & Sons, Inc. approval.

4. Entries—All entries must be received on or before June 30, 1974. Winners will be selected in July for winning of prizes. All winners will be officially announced before August 15, 1974.

5. Judging—All correct entries in the opinion of the independent, nonpartisan judging organization will participate in the July 1974 drawing. In the event there fewer than 8 correct entries are received, all those correct entries will be judged winners (judging eligibility, verification, and the remaining prizes will be awarded to entrants selected at random from remaining entries. Neither William Grant & Sons, Inc. nor its subsidiaries, judging organization will enter into correspondence regarding this event with anyone other than the qualified winners.

6. Legal—All prizes, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. State Federal and other taxes imposed on a prize winner will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Odds of winning are dependent on the number of correct entries received.

To win a Grant's 8 golf vacation at Turnberry, St. Andrews and Gleneagles in 7 days, Dave Hill's adult score on each of Turnberry's back 9 holes, 101 in 1974 and read your story today. All correct entries received will participate in a drawing and the eight (8) entries drawn will be awarded Scottish Golfing Vacations, providing that their entries comply with the official rules.

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	TOTAL
YARDS	165	315	460	445	285	240	370	225	380	2805
PAR	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	34
SCORE										32

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
If I win I would like the following with me:
Name _____ Relationship _____

MAIL YOUR ENTRY TODAY TO
GRANT'S 8 GOLF VACATION
P.O. BOX 2024
ROCK ISLAND, ILL. 61208
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Gleneagles

Turnberry

St. Andrews

at three of the world's classic golf courses. St. Andrews, Gleneagles, and Turnberry ... not to

We are telling you this so while you await the outcome, you can find enjoyment with a glass of Grant's Scotch.

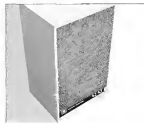
*Actual round played at Turnberry's Arnie Course, June 17, 1973



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(In two years it became the most successful loudspeaker we ever made, and it's not even an original. It's a copy.)

About five years ago, we developed a new speaker — a studio monitor for the professional recording business. It had the big sound that the studios required, but it was a compact. The size of a bookshelf speaker.



The Original

JBL's 4310. Especially designed for control room installations. Available only through professional audio contractors.

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(Very flattering, too. It's nice to have a talented, opinionated recording engineer pick your speaker to go with his \$100,000 sound system.)
We sold more than we



dreamed possible.

Then we figured out why:

The professionals were taking our studio monitors home, using them as bookshelf speakers.

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JBL's Century 100. \$273 each. The size of a compact studio monitor. Almost its twin, in fact, except for oiled walnut and a sculptured grille that adds texture and shape and color.

Come hear JBL's Century 100. But ask for it by name. With its success, some of our admiring competitors have begun using words like "professional" and "studio monitor" to describe their speakers. They're only kidding.

Century 100. The perfect copy. From the people who own the original.

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8 (An undeniable mark of prestige)



The Car:
a stylish rarity built for the wealthy,
the 1930 DuPont Dual Cost Phaeton.
Under the hood: a 140-hp., straight-8.

The Whiskey:
that elegant straight-8, Walker's DeLuxe.
Smoothly impressive bourbon made from choicest
grain and aged 8 years to perfect maturity.
An undeniable mark of prestige.

**WALKER'S
DELUXE**
That elegant straight-8





A bargain is about to become a Sherwin-Williams.

Nobody wanted to buy the old Anderson place because of the mildew problem on the outside of the house.

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Mildew looks like dirt, but it's not. And it's a problem up North, down South, out West and in the East.

So Tom's going to use A-100™ Flat Latex House Paint on the siding, Gloss Latex House and Trim Paint on the windows and Trim Paint on the doors.

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"So long as you don't get a puncture... sky driving over Fraser Canyon, British Columbia, in a balloon mobile is a great way to travel.

No traffic jams. No speed limits. No detours. Only the treacherous mountain currents... which we luckily avoided.



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Suppliers of Canadian Club Whisky
JAMES HUGHES & SONS LIMITED
VANCOUVER, CANADA



"After we landed, disaster struck.

Thump... thump... thump! A blowout on a lonely, wilderness road. And 'Captain' Jon Simmonds of the good ship 'Balloon' was just another earth-bound driver... wrestling with a spare tire.

"Later, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club at The Railcar in Vancouver." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"TM in 87 lands.

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Imported in bottle from Canada.





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Buffalo, N. Y. 14240

Quality costs no more.

"You could steal the beautiful old wall panels from this 150 year old home... but here's a better way. And it's legal."

—Wally Bruner, Star of "Wally's Workshop" TV Show



"Old paneling has a lot of character. But there's not much of it around. And if you were to take so much as a splinter from this house in Charleston, South Carolina, the law would be after you.

"But there's no law against reproducing that look of old wood. Which is exactly what The Paneling People at U.S. Plywood have done.

"Their new Ticonderoga™ printed wall paneling, which comes in four wood tones, has the grainy look of old wood. Without the splinters. In other words, it's what you should have in your home.

"You should also know what it takes to have it in your home. A room 10' x 15', using panels 4' x 8' x 5/32" will cost you about \$100.* Check the Yellow Pages under 'Paneling' for the U.S. Plywood dealer nearest you.

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"In fact, my wife paneled a wall by herself and even she admits she's no master craftsperson. She simply followed the 'All About Wall Paneling' book put out by The Paneling People. You can get it too, by sending \$6⁹⁵ to U.S. Plywood, Dept. S15, P.O. Box 61, New York, N.Y. 10046."

The Paneling People



U.S. Plywood



U.S. Plywood

Division of Champion International

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The Trail-Cooking Set from Marlboro. \$14.50

plus two end labels from
any pack or box of Marlboro.

Porcelain enamel cookware was used by old-time cowpunchers when they rode the back country, a long way from home or the nearest chuckwagon. They'd fix three squares on cooking gear a lot like this.

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The Trail-Cooking Set from Marlboro.
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Kings 16 mg "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
100's 19 mg "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept '79



We're including thirteen trail-cooking recipes that give you
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Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

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supply lasts. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.



King Richard, the fifth.



Daytona, Feb. 17—Richard Petty wins for the fifth time the race no other man ever won twice.

In each of his fantastic Daytona 500 victories, King Richard got the edge against friction and wear with STP® Oil Treatment.

And, we proudly add, since it came out two years

ago, Petty has run and won with the STP Double Oil Filter. That's back-to-back wins for the filter-in-a-filter.

Take it from Richard Petty and get the same edge for your car. STP Oil Treatment. And the STP Double Oil Filter.

You just can't argue with the King.



The racer's edge.®

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

FAIR'S FAIR

Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendments Act has athletic directors the country over in a state of panic. Many of them fear that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare will now interpret it to mean that colleges receiving federal aid must spend as much on women's athletics as they do on men's and they envision the end of big-time college sports. According to Maine Congressman Peter N. Kyras, the only mention of athletics in the legislative history of Title IX occurs in a colloquy between Senators Peter Dominick and Birch Bayh in which Bayh says that "What we are trying to do is provide equal access for women and men students to the education process and extracurricular activities in a school where there is not a unique facet such as football involved." The courts, which have decided several cases against schools that denied women any opportunity in athletics, most likely will give strong weight to the Bayh view.

This is the conclusion of Representative Kyras, who last month brought extraordinary sense to the discussion of women's athletics in a talk before the Maine Athletic Directors Conference. Among his points were these:

There should be equality of opportunity not because it is the law but because it is morally right. It would be a mistake, however, to push for it too fast. The concern should be for equal opportunities rather than equal expenditures. The best guideline is fairness.

Many cringe at sanctioning the "separate but equal" approach, but it may become necessary. Because men generally are superior athletes, compelling schools to offer competitive team sports on a coeducational basis could result in unequal opportunity for women. But exceptions must be made for the gifted woman athlete, such as Billie Jean King.

Money is the big bugaboo. Obviously, if the fairness test is used, more will be expended on women's athletics as directors ask themselves such questions as, is

it fair that men have locker rooms and women do not; that men can use the field with artificial turf and women cannot; that men fly to the big game and eat steak the night before while women hold bake sales to pay for their bus tickets and brown-bag lunches?

Finally, women directors and coaches should receive equal pay and responsibilities and enjoy equal working conditions. They should not have to teach three phys ed classes and coach while the men only coach.

GOOD DEAL IN CARDS

If kids seem unusually frantic about baseball card collecting this year, there is a reason. Anticipating a move that never came about, Topps bubble gum identified 14 San Diego Padres as playing for Washington. Thousands of the cards were distributed before Topps gumped up the works and stopped the presses, and they have become collectors' items selling for \$2 apiece. The error is a bit,

PASSING THE BUCK

One of the benefits promised New Yorkers before the state legalized off-track betting was the summary disappearance of the bookmaker. He would starve, the theory went, while New York and its tracks thrived on a whopping 17% cut from the bettors' winnings. As is usual with such roseate predictions, this one did not quite pan out. Attendance at the tracks dropped and bettors began wandering back to their favorite bookies.

But if there were signs, the politicians, who cannot look a horse in the mouth without seeing gold, were ignoring them. Faced with a massive deficit in his proposed budget, New York City Mayor Abraham Beame asked for—and received—approval from the state for a 5% surcharge on OTB betting. If the City Council adopts the measure, the surcharge will be on the winners' pool at the betting offices and will become statewide after 60 days.

Balancing the books at the expense

of the bettor is an age-old ploy that, on balance, has always played into the hands of the bookmaker. Pass the legislation, guys, and Nathan Detroit is back in deep clover.

REAL FOR APPROVAL

Andre, we are pleased to report, has not slowed down, but he was a while getting over his latest trip and he looked, well, grizzled. Gray had mottled his once sleek dark skin, his whiskers were touched with white, and while his big, inquisitive eyes snapped smartly at visitors there was no snap in his appetite for alewives and herring. Andre, you may have guessed, is a seal (harbor variety) and traveling foot.

Harry Goodridge, a tree surgeon and skin diver, found Andre, an abandoned pup, 13 years ago and raised him to become one of the country's most photographed and televised performing seals. Andre summured in a pen moored in Rockport harbor off the Maine coast. Twice a day the pen was pulled ashore and the 240-pound hunk showed off to the delight of tourists and Down Easters. Winters, Andre was on his own, swimming freely in harbor waters and sometimes straying as far south as the bet-



tom tip of the state before turning north for another season in summer stock.

This winter, though, Goodridge decided to take Andre to Boston to show off his tricks to the aquarium people there. As a filip on the way home—and to prove Andre's intelligence—he deposited the seal in the Atlantic at Marblehead, with the parting shout, "See you in Rockport, Baby."

That was at two p.m. on April 26. Four

continued



Carrier's Round One.

The Air Conditioning System For Energy-Conscious Families

Carrier's Round One is the central air conditioner that uses less energy than most. In fact, two new models of the Round One are certified in the official air conditioner directory* as the most efficient of all outdoor units listed. And the quietest of all those tested. It's the air conditioning system for people who want to keep their homes cool, their neighborhoods quiet, and their use of energy low. Get the details from your local Carrier Dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.



GOOD NIGHT, PROBLEM PERSPIRATION.

The Mitchum Method lets you wake up to all-day protection.

What is The Mitchum Method?

It's the way to say good night to problem perspiration *effectively*. Because you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed. So that all night long, while you sleep, Mitchum's two anti-perspirant ingredients can work their benefits into your skin. Pre-conditioning your skin, at a time when you're apt to perspire least, to cope with the tensions of tomorrow, when you perspire most. (Makes sense when you think about it, doesn't it?)

In the morning, you'll be ready for just about anything. Even your morning shower or bath won't wash away the all-day protection you get after a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants. You can wash, towel yourself dry, and *feel dry* all day. Without the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.



How do Mitchum anti-perspirants work?

First, understand this: you perspire from many areas of your body. However, you're particularly aware of perspiration when the glands start gushing under your arms. During times of physical activity, perhaps. Or emotional stress. (No one knows better than you when this perspiration is a problem.)

What Mitchum anti-perspirants do is gently re-direct this annoying sweat. It merely leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. So don't believe the old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're doing something unhealthy.



Is The Mitchum Method gentle?

Yes. Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients: aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate. But in a *specialty buffered formula* that helps avoid irritation of the skin.

Can you ever skip a night when you use Mitchum, the night-time anti-perspirant?

If you follow our recommendations for using Mitchum Anti-Perspirant four nights in a row at first, you can then occasionally skip a night and still feel protected the next day. Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer. But we recommend getting the night-time habit.

In what forms can you use The Mitchum Method?

Cream. For the complete coverage that only hand application of a cream can give. Won't leave its mark on your clothes the next day.

Dab-On. On-the-spot coverage with a unique, built-in silken applicator that applies easily and uniformly.

Available scented and unscented.

Spray. Press the nozzle to release a gentle mist of protection every time. Available scented and unscented.



Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.

The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

days and 168 miles later Andre, who has been clocked at 15 miles an hour, popped up in Rockport, a pooped traveler if ever there was one. He flopped into the skull of Leonard Ames, a part-time lobsterman, and rocked off to sleep. Now fully recovered, the old trapper will be back this summer performing and posing for pictures. If there is one thing Andre likes better than a fine kettle of fish, it is a load of Kodak.

Y'R OUT! WAY OUT!

All of Becky Dooley's troubles seemed finally behind her. Permitted to work out with the Chaffee, N. Dak. high school boys' baseball team, the 18-year-old proved talented enough to take her place in center field. There had been a problem with the North Dakota High School Activities Association, which ruled Chaffee would have to forfeit its game with Sheldon if Becky played, but that was disposed of in the seventh inning when Coach Keith Snortland decided to put her into the game and dashed out to the umpire with a temporary restraining order. Becky donned her glove and trotted to her position. In the bottom half of the inning she came to bat. Swack! She smashed a foul ball. Swack! Another foul ball. Then it happened. She was called out on two strikes. Seems that in all the confusion nobody on the Chaffee team thought to tell the umpire of the lineup change. When he woke up to the technicality, he ruled that a rule was a rule, and sent Becky back to the bench. Pioneering never was very easy in the Plains States.

FRANCO FILES

The United States is not the only country wrestling with its sports conscience. French sportswriters, like their American counterparts, have become vexed over the rise of professionalism and commercialism, insisting it is swamping the "true sporting spirit in France." Without fear of mixed metaphor, one Paris newspaper headlined, THE GOLDEN CALF HAS INFLUENCED AND IS CREATING A GROWING MALADIE.

The arguments are familiar. Basketball, which has prospered during the last five years with the importation of American players, is a culprit because "success has turned the heads of the players and those of the French club directors. A phony amateurism is now solidly installed." Matters have reached such a

turn, one journalist says, that the French Basketball Federation may insist on its players filing income-tax returns.

Tennis is another offender, the "dollars racket," a second writer charges. "Dollar tennis is killing real tennis," he says. Efforts to maintain the traditional semi-amateur tennis organization "cannot stand up to the lures of the World Team Tennis."

Money is also spoiling the distinction between amateur and professional cycling, writes still another journalist. "The amounts in prizes and bonuses paid to amateur cyclists sometimes largely exceed the prize money earned by professionals. Further, the pros are alarmed because most of the sponsors' money goes to the top stars, leaving the rank and file with the national minimum, or no work at all."

Small world.

GRACELESS SAVING

Blinkers often are conducive to better horse racing. Moral blinders never are. When he learned that Angel Cordero, LaFit Pincay and Miguel Rivera were "saving" in the Kentucky Derby, Steward Keene Daingerfield said, "Obviously Cordero couldn't have thought there was anything wrong with it, or else he wouldn't have talked about it. It was a tactless thing for him to say." But presumably all right to do.

Saving is an arrangement jockeys make among themselves to ensure that all will earn some money if one of them wins, thus saving themselves from a shut-out. Cordero, Pincay and Rivera, each on Derby favorites, agreed that if one of them won he would give \$3,000 apiece to the other two out of his 10% share of the \$270,000 purse. Daingerfield admitted that a rider finding himself on a mount who was tiring could move over to give racing room to one of his syndicate coming on, hardly reassuring to betters on other horses in the race.

The stewards at Aqueduct in New York took a far less liberal view of the practice. Last week they assembled all the jockeys riding at the Big A and informed them that saving was not allowed unless the jockeys were competing as an entry owned by the same stable. While there was no rule in the book about it, Steward Francis Danne told the riders, "That does not matter. It just will not be permitted." He said that the jockeys agreed and he implied that the Kentucky Ras-

ing Commission would, too. Last week officials at Pimlico banned the practice. Which is fine as far as it goes. But there should be a rule in everybody's book.

Beware the Odd One

Doberman pinchers and German shepherds have a public image as fierce guard dogs and occasionally even killers. But when that friendly Saint Bernard turns murderous—as one did recently on Long Island, killing a boy of six—most people are incredulous.

"You can find a lemon in any breed," one dog woman said after the Long Island tragedy. "When you get one in the bag breeds you have real trouble. And for some reason, many big-breed dogs, while placid as youngsters, get crosser as they age. An irritable dog of, say, 150 pounds can do lots more damage than a piqued Chihuahua."

The case of the slain child is not an isolated one. Despite the Saint Bernard's background as cask-carrying rescuer (although there have been times when the dogs were stymied by human beings in heavy snowstorms), over the years members of the breed have killed adults as well as children. Even the celebrated dogs of the Great Saint Bernard Hospice in Switzerland have had killers among them.

Happily, such Saint Bernards are rare, but prospective buyers of a cuddly puppy of any large breed should bear in mind *Caution*.

THEY SAID IT

- Sparky Anderson, Cincinnati Red manager, explaining why he likes the latest bubble-gum cards: "They've taken my playing record off and put my managerial record on."
- Ernest K. Gann, writer and pilot, on the lack of risk in flying: "It's virtually gone from the commercial airlines. Flying has become completely automated. That's why I turned to sailing and to writing. They cannot be computerized."
- Alex Hannum, who was dismissed as coach of the Denver Rockets a month after he and Owner Frank M. Goldberg had agreed the club should get off dead center. "Frankly I thought his first move was rather dramatic."
- Elmo Langley, driver, after learning that NASCAR had further restricted the size of carburetors: "I've been left with \$100,000 worth of boat anchors." **END**

A MATTER OF CELTIC PRIDE

John Havlicek, a vintage blend of sweat and pink champagne dripping from his hair, leaned against the green chalkboard in the Celtics' locker room after their seventh-game 102-87 victory over the Bucks and beamed that squaggy Charles Schultz grin of his. He had reason to be doubly happy: the NBA championship trophy was on its way back to Boston, where it always seemed to him to have belonged. And for the first time in all his many title-winning years, Havlicek, the Most Valuable Player in this series, was clearly the man most responsible for bringing the title home. Even in the final game, when his points totaled just 16, the Bucks' concentration on him allowed other Celtics—particularly Center Dave Cowens, who scored 28 points—to shoot freely off a revised Boston offense that had been diagrammed on that same chalkboard only hours before. It is an indication of how far these Celtics have come that they could look away from Havlicek and still win. And it is a mark of Havlicek and the old Celtic traditions he so thoroughly embodies that he loved every minute of it.

In winning its 12th championship and its first since Bill Russell retired in 1969, Boston had to weather three strong comebacks by Milwaukee. The Celtics won the opener, then the Bucks tied the series. Boston pulled ahead 2-1 only to have the Bucks make it 2-2. In the fifth game Boston edged in front once more with a 96-87 victory that seemed certain to take the suds out of Milwaukee. But strange forces were working in this play-off—after one hectic Celtic rally Kareem Abdul-Jabbar wondered aloud if he hadn't seen the ghost of that old Celtic

After five years, Boston again has a winner. The ingredients that beat Milwaukee in seven games are the same: a lot of tradition, plus gutsy men like John Havlicek

by PETER GARRY

clutch shooter Sam Jones loose once more on the Boston Garden floor. Neither team was able to win two games in a row, and, almost unbelievably, neither was able to win more than one on its own court—and so much for home-court-advantage theorists.

The memorable sixth game in Boston may have been the most dramatic play-off contest since the Celtics went four overtimes against Syracuse in 1953. The Bucks quickly got Dave Cowens into foul trouble, forcing him to the bench for 14 minutes of the opening half, and took an early 12-point lead. They maintained their edge until, with 1:05 left in regulation time, Cowens hit his only long shot of the night to tie the score at 86. It was then that the specter of Sam Jones—or something rather odd—made its presence felt. Before the fourth quarter ended, 6'9" Cowens managed to force 6'5" Oscar Robertson into a 24-second violation. Nobody but nobody did that sort of thing to Oscar in the series, notwithstanding his 35 years. The two overtimes that followed included 12 lead changes and two ties. The first extra period ended with a game-saving steal by Boston Guard Don Chaney and a game-tying rebound of his own miss by Havlicek. "The best defense I've ever seen

by two teams at the same time," said Havlicek of that bit of the war. The defense, as Milwaukee and Boston played it throughout the series, was indeed the very best. While the Celtics' press received more notice, it was actually the Bucks that were more unyielding. Milwaukee held Boston, which scored 109 points per game in the regular season, under 100 five times, and in one 100-point game the Celtics needed two overtimes to surpass that figure.

The scoring opened up in the second overtime with the Celtics bursting for 11 points, nine of them by Havlicek. His last two apparently gave Boston the title with seven seconds left. As the Celtic bench yelled hysterically for their teammates to call time, John calmly swished a jumper from the right baseline. One time-out and four seconds of playing time later, Abdul-Jabbar, who wasn't meant to take the shot, took the game right back for the Bucks with a perfect 15-foot hook from the right of the basket. The clock read 0:03 as the ball dropped through the net to give Milwaukee its 102-101 win.

The victory in the seventh game was an extraordinarily proud moment in the history of this extraordinary Boston franchise. It took Red Auerbach only five years to draft and trade his way to another title, and season by season there had been a careful effort to keep the old traditions of the team alive. The phrase CELTIC PRIDE appears on bumper stickers all over Boston. One frequently hears club officials use it. Two Celtics above

continued

A giant even in defeat, Abdul-Jabbar shrugs off mortally Dave Cowens and Don Nelson.



all are entitled to feel it—Havlicek and Chaney. In very different ways, both are products of the attitudes that have made the Celtics far and away pro basketball's most successful team.

When he joined the Celtics six years ago, Chaney hit more opponents than shots. In his first three seasons his shooting average was 38%, roughly the same as the percentage of time he spent on the bench in foul trouble. His presence in the starting lineup was cited by one Boston columnist as evidence of how far the Celtics' fortunes had fallen. Few other teams would have kept a player of Chaney's failings, but Chaney stuck. He became a fair shooter and an exceptional defender. Against the Bucks he spearheaded Boston's press and was the man most often asked to speed the ball upfloor in hopes of catching the Milwaukee defense before it could dig in. In his spare moments he covered Robertson closer than wallpaper.

Playing to the edge of exhaustion is the part of the old Boston style that Havlicek made famous. Indeed, although John has become a tradition himself at age 34, this was, in a way, his first title. He had played on an NCAA championship team at Ohio State and on six earlier Celtic winners, but invariably he had been overshadowed by bigger names—Jerry Lucas in college and Russell in Boston. Havlicek never became a full-time Celtic starter until the team finally went bad and could no longer wait for him to come off the bench to run opponents into the boards. But he is a patient man, and when his time came he was the key, hitting long shots in traffic and playing tough defense, crouched low and ready, long after other players would be bushed and ineffectual.

"When things are swinging easy we all get in the flow of it, and sometimes then it almost looks like we ignore John," says Forward Paul Silas, whose arrival from Phoenix in one of those deft Auerbach deals completed the roster Boston needed to win the title. "But when things don't go well, we look to him all the time to make the tough play. We probably do it too much. Sometimes I'll have an open shot and still pass to him even though he's farther out and two guys are on him. We do this instinctively because he has usually been the guy who's turned bad moments into good ones for us."

In the end it was Havlicek's teammates who were able to turn the trick. Look-

ing at movies of the previous games, Coach Tommy Heinsohn saw that the Bucks had increasingly concentrated their defense on stopping Havlicek. In a pregame meeting before what had to be the last game, Heinsohn took chalk in hand and plotted some new wrinkles. Other Celtics were sent wheeling into the middle instead of Havlicek coming over picks on the outside. Handling the ball far from the basket to keep the lane free of Abdul-Jabbar, Cowens' part was to set up his teammates as they cut toward the hoop. He added some spar-

kling outside shooting. While the Celtics built a 53-40 halftime lead he hit six of nine long jumpers.

Then when tight Milwaukee defense in the second half shut out Boston for 4-38 and cut its lead to five points, Cowens swiped a maneuver from Abdul-Jabbar's repertoire. He drove across the lane and swished in a hook. The Bucks never again came closer than five points. And fittingly John Havlicek locked up the victory with a driving three-point play—past Abdul-Jabbar, right down the middle and into history again.

NETS KIDS WHIZ BEYOND THE STARS

by PAT PUTNAM

For some months a lot of people in the ABA had been waiting, hopefully, for inexperience to cut down the young and cocky (and rich) New York Nets, and suddenly last week in Salt Lake City, in the third game of their championship series with the Utah Stars, it appeared that was exactly what was about to happen. There were the Nets, up by 2-0 in games but trailing now by three points in the third game with only 10 seconds to play. Coach Kevin Loughery's swaggering kids had just squandered a 15-point lead in less than eight minutes, always an unnerving development. The Nets called a timeout and, young and sure of their destiny, discussed, among other things, what they were going to do *after* they sent the game into overtime.

To get to this juncture, the Nets had ripped Virginia 4-1 in their opening series and sacked Kentucky 4-0 to take the Eastern Division title, but then had sat idle for 10 days, accumulating rust while waiting for Utah to emerge from the West.

Loughery feared the worst and almost got it. The Nets won Game One in New York 89-85, seeding all they could get from Julius Erving, the masterly doctor of magical moves, who helped cure their ills with a 47-point injection. Then the Nets won the second game, also in New York, 118-94, and the way seemingly was back to rosy normal.

The Stars, meanwhile, had nothing but problems. In Willie Wise, Jimmy Jones and Ron Boone, they have the best one-on-one attack in the ABA, but against the Nets' sagging Lend-A-Hand defense

they might as well have been trying to score against Leonidas and his 300 Spartans. Everywhere the ball went, there to cover were two Nets. "We've got to move the ball," said Utah Coach Joe Mullaney. "We've got to move it four, five, six times before shooting. Then, as soon as we make them honest, we can go back to our one-on-one."

Utah Center Zelmo Beatty was coming back for the third game after missing the first two with a groin infection, but no one knew what to expect. He had been idle since April 18 and was showing more valor than judgment. His replacement, 6'10", nearsighted Gerald Govan, had been trying to play on one bad leg. And Boone, who had backhanded Brian Taylor in the teeth in the second game, was operating with an infected and swollen hand. "You can use your elbows, but not your hands, you can injure them," offered Taylor, who lost two upper front teeth from the sweat. He had them capped and likes them better now.

And so, with the Stars moving the ball, the third game became a foot race which the Nets were winning by 15 with 7:56 to play. At that point Mullaney decided New York was playing enough man-to-man to allow the Stars to do what they do best, and he loosed Jimmy Jones, his brilliant guard, on a dazzling one-on-one attack down the right side. Seven minutes and 46 seconds later Utah led by three and the Nets called time.

What was necessary, of course, was a three-point shot; two would practically ensure a loss. The Doctor would try it from behind a pick and a double pick,

Dr. J, named MVP of the series, prepares to administer yet one more bitter pill to Utah.

and if he was covered, 6'5" Wendell Ladner, a devastating outside shooter, was the alternate. "We knew something would work," said Erving. "Nobody had their heads down praying for a hope-to-Jesus shot." Dr. J moved, the picks were set beautifully—but Jones smartly deserted his man to move into the passing lane and block the play to the Doctor. Brian Taylor, Jones' man, inbounded to Ladner, who caught the ball off-balance, half fell across the 3-point line and fired. Nothing.

"I knew I had missed, so I rushed in trying to get the rebound," Ladner said. He laughed and rolled his massive shoulders. "They say I ran over some people."

As the ball came off the rim the Stars went for it. Wise got his hands on the ball—and for a split second on victory—but the Nets' Mike Gale swatted it away toward the charging Ladner.

On the bench Net Assistant Coach Rod Thorn was screaming. "God, no—Wendell is going to shoot!"

Ladner laughed. "I damn near did. For two points. Then I saw Brian backpedaling." He threw to Taylor, who had managed to get just beyond the 25-foot line. With Erving and Gale shouting for a time-out, Taylor shot.

"I didn't realize how big the play really was," Taylor said. "If I had, I might have froze. The only thing I could think of was that I wished Julius would stop yelling in my ear. It was disconcerting."

Almost as one, the buzzer ended the game and the ball dropped through the hoop. In the overtime, the Nets won quite easily 103-100, and were up 3-0 instead of 2-1. The Stars won the fourth game (97-89) before the Nets took the ABA championship by winning 111-100 last Friday night in New York.

"It's strange," said Taylor, the ABA's top rookie last year. "I'm not a real good outside shooter. I only made eight out of 29 three-point shots all season. Yet when it left my hand, I knew the game was tied. I thought it was just another of our typical big plays by an individual. Then later Billy Paultz, our center, came over and said, 'Hey, B, you're a hero.' Finally it sank in. I thought, 'Oh, wow.' But we aren't heroes. We're just guys who went out and showed the beauty we have, the gifts that someone gave us to play this game. It was destiny."

END



DEEP IN THE HEART, FOR A CHANGE

Taxans have begun to care about the Rangers, and no wonder. They have a dynamic manager, a personable prez—and ability **by RON FIMRITE**

It was the position of Texas Highway Patrolman G. E. Fort during a lonely early-morning dialogue on a shoulder of the Fort Worth Turnpike last Saturday that the visiting motorist was in clear, perhaps willful, violation of the state laws governing speeding.

The patrolman, a tall, smiling, nearly unctuous public servant, was expostulating on the fuel crisis, highway safety, the mounting traffic toll and related matters when the visitor, the very model of obsequiousness, interjected the plea that he had, only minutes before, departed a 14-inning, four-hour and 18-minute baseball game between the Texas Rangers and the Chicago White Sox and was, therefore, in uncharacteristic haste to retire for the evening. If he was exceeding the speed

limit, he explained respectfully, it was only out of exhaustion, ignorance of the law and—playing the local angle—grief over the Rangers' tragic 8-7 loss.

Patrolman Fort, obviously moved, set aside his note pad, leaned against the rented yellow Mavens and inquired almost plaintively, "Say, just what is wrong with the Rangers lately? Here we were goin' great guns, then all of a sudden..."

The visitor escaped with a written warning, exonerated on grounds of "extenuating circumstances."

The point here is not so much that the law was just and charitable but that citizens of the so-called Dallas-Fort Worth Metroplex, even those zealously pursuing alleged wrongdoers, seem now to care

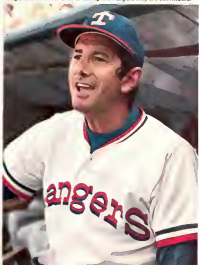
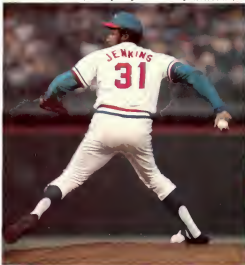


A new practice calls the good Doctor Brown.

what happens to the Texas Rangers. The Texas Rangers? Losers of 105 games in 1973? The financially wobbly, publicly ignored and conceivably transient Texas Rangers?

Yes indeed, for the Rangers in their current manifestation bear about as much resemblance to last year's harlequins as their feisty manager, Billy Martin, does to Guru Maharaj Ji. And Metroplexites have responded to the rejuvenated Rangers by attending at a rate of close to 16,000 per game, best in the American League. Through the weekend, attendance was some 100,000 ahead of last year.

With six wins, Cub refugee Ferguson Jenkins is regarded as a savior, and Manager Martin never tires of telling the Rangers they are contenders.



Martin, who managed the team for only the last month of the 1973 season after being dismissed by Detroit, is himself a new face. Typically, he has surrounded himself with some old ones—Ferguson Jenkins, Cesar Tovar, Leo Cardenas—who are new to Ranger followers, but had become accustomed to seeing beardless striplings represent them on the ball field. Martin prefers a comfortable mixture of veteran and young players, and Jenkins, particularly, has proved a good mixer. In fact, he is acclaimed by his juniors as the savior of a prodigal pitching staff.

"Before Fergy," says 23-year-old Rightfielder Jeff Burroughs, as if the BF were a BC, "it used to get boring in the field. Our pitchers would walk so many batters and get behind so many others, you'd lose your concentration. Fergy is always around the plate, so you have to be alert."

"Ferguson Jenkins is the greatest pitcher I've ever played behind," says 25-year-old Shortstop Toby Harrah reverentially.

More important to the long-term stability of the operation is the team's new ownership. Even when the Texas Rangers were the Washington Senators, their purportedly impecunious proprietor, Bob Short, had sought to unload them. When several potential sales were aborted for one reason or another, Short packed up after the 1971 season and, in defiance of those purists who insisted the national pastime must remain in the nation's capital, moved to Texas. By his own estimate, Short is about as popular in Washington today as you know who.

"If he and I were to run for mayor there," Short said the other evening, "I think he would win."

Despite much more favorable circumstances, Short did not prosper in Texas. The Rangers were still dead-enders and the fans regarded them with justifiable disinterest.

Short's first good move was hiring the dynamic Martin. His second was peddling the team for \$10 million shortly before this season opened to a group of Metroplex tycoons spearheaded by Brad Corbett, a youngish, portly, plastic piping manufacturer whose frenetic pacing about suggests an advanced case of St. Vitus's dance. However, neither Short nor Corbett will assume full credit

for this largely fortuitous transaction.

Buying the Rangers was the farthest thing from Corbett's mind when he sat down with Palm Beach Attorney Francis T. Ryan this spring to discuss a possible merger with another pipe firm. It so happens that Ryan is also Short's personal lawyer and his former partner in the ownership of another team bartered by Short, the Minneapolis Lakers.

"I could see Corbett was a dynamo," says Ryan, understating the man's energy. "I told him he ought to own a baseball team in his own backyard. He seemed interested, so I got Short on the phone and told him I had a fellow who might just be his man."

Short's response was predictable: "Hold onto him, for God's sake."

Corbett, with help from Bill Harvey, a Fort Worth real-estate developer, immediately rounded up a group of heavy investors and consummated the deal, which will be final at the end of this month. Short will retain a 10% interest.

A second happy accident occurred. Although Corbett had played some minor league baseball, he had not the vaguest notion of how to run a major league franchise. Fortunately, he did know somebody who knew something—Dr. Robert W. Brown, a distinguished Fort Worth cardiologist who, as Bobby Brown, played in the New York Yankee infielders of the late 1940s and early '50s and had a World Series batting average of .439.

"They [the Corbett group] began to ask me a lot of basic questions," says Dr. Brown, at 49 still lean and athletic looking. "I was just trying to be helpful. It never occurred to me to get back in baseball after 20 years."

To his own surprise he found himself taking a two-month leave of absence from his practice to become "interim president" of the Rangers.

Brown is enjoying the work so much he may agree to take it on full time if it does not take too many hours away from medicine or if, as he unclinically puts it, "I don't flail on my tail doing this."

The good doctor's enthusiasm for his temporary employment may in part be attributed to friendships renewed. Martin and Coach Charlie Silvera were Yankee teammates of Brown's. Coach Frank Lucchesi was a high school teammate. "Brownie got straight A's," Lucchesi recalls, "but, man, could he hit."

Although he believes the new management will give the team increased local identification, Dr. Brown observes wryly, "People don't come out to watch the owners."

Until recently, what they had watched had been surprisingly adept play by the high-spirited, positive-thinking Rangers. The team won 15 of its first 24 games and was in first place from April 24 until last Thursday night when the Kansas City Royals unseated them in a game all too reminiscent of 1973, featuring, as it did, colliding outfielders and cinch double plays gone awry. The difference was that a year ago these misadventures would have been accepted as normal; this year, such play is considered anomalous.

"Billy kept telling us all winter we're gonna win," says the burly, freckle-faced Burroughs, who hit 30 home runs last season and leads the team in home runs (six) and runs batted in (29). "A lot of us were skeptical at first. Last year, this was where other teams would go out on the town because no matter how bad they felt the next day, they knew they could beat us. But not any more."

On Friday night, before 28,157, the largest crowd of the season, the Rangers lost the 8-7 game to Chicago, their sixth straight defeat after the promising start. Worse yet, Dave Nelson, the fine second baseman, and Lenny Randle, playing center field, collided while chasing what was once known as a Texas leaguer. Randle suffered a badly bruised left arm, Nelson a broken nose and a neck injury.

Martin, who urged his charges to brush off the previous evening's loss, was inconsolable after this one. "It's up to them whether they want to go back to last year or move ahead," he said, tossing a shoe angrily into his locker.

Once the Rangers' clubhouse in defeat was indistinguishable from the Rangers' clubhouse in victory. This one was like a morgue. Losing, no longer inevitable, had become intolerable.

The next evening the Rangers proved they were ready to move ahead when 19-year-old David Clyde pitched a 3-2 victory over the White Sox before 18,762 happy fans. It was Clyde's second win of the year and the second complete game in his brief career. In a way it seemed a pity that Patrolman Fort could not personally be appraised of this dramatic reversal of form. But then. . .

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, IT'S UCLA AGAIN

Like their basketball brothers of yore, the volleyball Bruins seem to be taking permanent possession of the NCAA title, and what does it matter if the teams they beat are friends and neighbors by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

The question is as unavoidable as the mouthful of leather even the best volleyball players are sometimes forced to eat: Why hasn't this crowd-pleasing sport, with its blistering 100-mph spikes, caught on elsewhere? The entertainment value certainly was high enough last Saturday night when the UCLA Bruins, playing in their opponents' sweltering, clamorous gym, outlasted the University of California at Santa Barbara for their fourth NCAA championship in the tournament's five-year history. But UCLA's domination remained only part of a larger imbalance; never has a non-California team even made it to the finals.

If nothing else, the California orientation lent a coziness to the best-of-five showdown, in which the Bruins came from behind to win 10-15, 15-8, 10-15, 15-11 and 15-12. Hailing as they do from different campuses of the same far-flung university system, both UCLA and UCSB were clad in gold and blue. There were players on each team in beads and headbands, suggesting that they were from the same tribe, and their free-flowing hair was testament to the fact that they all stayed away from the same barbers. Everybody seemed to have close friends across the net, a case in point being the rival captains, UCLA's Bob Leonard and UCSB's David DeGroot, who were high school teammates in volleyball-mad Pacific Palisades.

Whether or not fraternal bonds were the reason, it sometimes seemed that neither team was ever going to win, so grudgingly did the points come. Bigger and more powerful than the Bruins, UCSB received strong blocking from Jon Roberts, a 6'5" stone wall who time and again went high to send Bruin spikes ricocheting back across the net. But UCLA wound up denying the UCSB defenses, both with the fierce smashes of high-leaping Mike Normand and the more measured but equally damaging spikes of Leonard, whose all-round floor play earned him the MVP award.

If only because it was unexpected, the

title was probably the sweetest of the long string of successes chalked up by 34-year-old Al Scates, whose record already invites comparison with that of fellow UCLA John Wooden. Although volleyball became an NCAA sport only in 1970, Scates-coached UCLA clubs were terrorizing competition as far back as 1964, and he has further made his mark as author of *Winning Volleyball*, an instructional that has sold 15,000 copies at \$8.95. For all that, there were fears that Scates' dynasty was about to suffer the same fate as Wooden's. After winning the first three NCAA championships, UCLA failed to qualify for last year's tournament—San Diego State won the title—and this season it finished third behind UCSB and Southern Cal in the rugged 18-team Southern California Intercollegiate Volleyball Association.

UCLA made it to the NCAA tournament by upsetting Southern Cal in district playoffs and it was the underdog against UCSB, which defeated the Bruins in four of seven matches during the regular season and harbors dynastic ambitions of its own. As if collegiate volleyball were not chummy enough, the Gauchos are coached by Rudy Suwara, who was Scates' assistant at UCLA before taking the Santa Barbara job in 1971. An ex-Olympian and still one of the top U.S. players, the 32-year-old Suwara bravely rejects any suggestion that he is Scates' coaching prodigy. "Al taught me a lot at UCLA," he says, "but I think I taught him some things, too."

It was Scates who recommended Suwara for the Santa Barbara position and the Bruin coach, noting that he has since lost a couple of top prospects to his ex-assistant, says, "I unleashed a demon up there. He's making my life miserable."

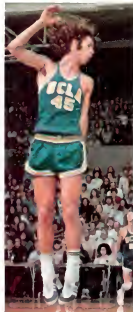
Suwara's success has been but one factor in Santa Barbara's growth as a volleyball hotbed. Courts have sprung up everywhere—on lawns, along beaches and in vacant lots—and often dozens of games are in progress on the UCSB campus. Suwara's varsity outdraws basket-

ball among students and also helps fill the void created two years ago when the Gauchos scrapped their football team, which was losing both money and games at an alarming rate. A by-product of volleyball's popularity are the groupies who have attached themselves to the team. "You wouldn't believe the requests we get for pictures of the players," says UCSB sport publicity boss Don Weiner. "A new group of girls every day."

The picture elsewhere in the U.S. remains dark, though far from hopeless. One bullish sign is that the two non-California entrants at the NCAA, Ball State University of Muncie, Ind., and Springfield (Mass.) College, both arrived in Santa Barbara with big ideas. Springfield Coach Tom Hay insisted that his team had a chance at least to reach the finals, adding punnily, "It's California against the rest of the country." Ball State's Don Shondell had more realistic hopes. Ball State was the only team to have competed in all five NCAA championships, and although the California stranglehold had prevented the Hoosiers from finishing higher than third, Shondell predicted that his boys would beat UCLA in Friday's semifinal round.

But State's frustration contained as UCLA won 15-10, 15-9, 15-9. Then UCSB clobbered Springfield 15-7, 15-3, 15-10. If Hay and Shondell were truly surprised, they were alone. Before the tourney began, Scates gave his players monographed schedules listing UCLA-UCSB for the finals, while in practice Suwara outfitted his reserves in uniforms bearing UCLA's numbers.

The Gaucha coach had cause to be most concerned about No. 32, which is worn by Mike Normand. A 25-year-old Vietnam veteran, the mustachioed Normand is only 5'11", but his jumping ability—and confidence—are such that he unblushingly compares himself to David Thompson of basketball fame. "They say Thompson jumps," he says. "Well, I sky," Suwara respected Normand's high-flying ways enough to assign the



The final-round battle was an up and down, back and forth affair between two friendly opponents



bigger Roberts, UCSB's best blocker, to stop him, a strategy that worked well enough in the Gauchos' opening-game win Saturday night. As Santa Barbara's knowledgeable fans howled with delight, Roberts proved so imposing at the net that Normand, vainly trying to get the ball past him, repeatedly sent it hurtling far out of bounds.

But the Bruins soon were bearing out the assessments of Scates, who had said, "UCSB is more overpowering than we are, but I feel we're quicker and can fool them." Bouncing back in the second game, the Bruins turned to Leonard, who scored on an assortment of well-placed spikes and tantalizing little dinks, often as not after receiving quick sets at the net from teammate Jim Menges. The teams then traded games again, and with the match at two apiece, UCSB jumped off to a 7-1 lead that appeared to all but settle the matter. Then, slowly, the Bruins fought back. A UCLA serve fell between a couple of Gauchos players. Dave DeGroot touched the net, costing UCSB another point. Normand meanwhile had found ways to get past

Roberts and the other UCSB blockers, mainly by slapping the ball along the sidelines. Soon it was 7-7 and then, suddenly, UCLA led 14-12. As Suwara looked on helplessly, Normand blocked a smash by the home team's Gerald Gregory. The ball skimmed the net and splattered down the near sidelines, and UCLA had it 15-12.

For all the exploits of Normand, Leonard and the other UCLA regulars, the Bruins' biggest hero may well have been an unheralded freshman named Sabin Perkins, whom Scates twice sent into the final game strictly to serve. He responded by serving a total of nine points, including the one that put the Bruins ahead for good at 10-9. Mobbed by teammates afterward, Perkins admitted, "It's amazing I'm usually lucky if I get one point on my serves." In so cozy an affair as the NCAA volleyball championships he was the only one who sounded like an outsider.

END



MIXING UP THE FAST AND FRIVOLOUS

Speeding ahead of a storm, Foyt was first among Indy's opening qualifiers, followed by a much slower field of streakers **by ROBERT F. JONES**

On the surface, at least, it all looked ominously familiar. The same dark columns of thunderheads marched down the sky as the same bright circus of race cars went round and round in practice, and the same rowdy, beer-guzzling crowd whooped it up under the oak trees at Turn One. But when qualifying day arrived in Indianapolis last Saturday, all similarities ceased. Just as the event was about to turn sour—what with the inept officiating, the scorched spectators, the deaths and other distractions—Indy saved itself.

The rains that had played havoc with last year's race held off just long enough to permit a full morning of time trials. And when the weather finally did put an end to the automotive action, the crowd took over the task of entertainment. Streakers by the dozen pranced out of the "Snake Pit," the enclave of youthful exuberance in the infield at the southwest corner of the track, and one more elderly nude assaulted the new starting tower on the main straight.

Granted, most of the streakers were male and overweight, thus leaving a lot to be desired esthetically in that absurd sport, but still it was a refreshing touch to a scene that in recent years has been far too grim. Even more refreshing was the fact that the Indy cops, never known for their gentleness, did not come down hard on the kids. Only 14 were arrested, and 11 so much as slapped. When the Big Streak ended, the kids themselves helped clean up the broken beer bottles on the track and even replaced the Cyclone fence they had torn down to gain access to the banked turn.

Along the way, as everyone had expected, A. J. Foyt Jr. of Houston gained a firm grip on the pole position for the

58th running of the Indianapolis 500. A firm grip, but not a fully secure one. When qualifying resumes this Saturday 11 drivers who did not have a chance to run on opening day will have a shot at bumping Foyt from the pole. But their shot will be a long one at best.

Foyt dominated the scene right from the moment that his flat, orange Gilmore Racing Special took to the track. Restrictions on wing size and turbocharger boost have lowered speeds for this year's race by nearly 10 miles an hour, but it seemed as if Supertex had found a new way around the speed barrier.

During Thursday's practice session conditions were perfect for fast running—temperatures in the low 50s, the skies windless and overcast. Johnny Rutherford, who had captured the pole last year with a clocking in excess of 198 mph, went out in his McLaren and turned a quick lap of 192.389. Foyt emerged from Gasoline Alley, warmed up with a couple of slow, growling laps, and then almost playfully whipped out a run of 192.636, just enough to edge Rutherford. Later in the afternoon Walby Dallenbach cranked out a 193.434 in his red STP Eagle prepared by Master Mechanic George Bignotti. Again Foyt was compelled to put the upstart in his place. He quickly turned a lap at 196.249. Nuff said.

Indeed, so fast was Foyt—and so stringent the speed restrictions for this year's race—that many top teams were not even making a full effort to win the pole, despite the fact that a bonus estimated at some \$20,000 goes with it. With fuel for the race reduced from 350 to 280

Disappointed with his run, A.J. considered the pole position firm, though not secure.





Awaiting his chance is challenger Johnson.

gallons, the cars will have to get 1.8 miles per gallon if they are to finish the full 500 miles. That can be accomplished only by lowering the "boost" pressure in their turbochargers and thus running at a considerably lower speed than the cars are capable of hitting.

Bohly Unser, whose high-flying Dan Gurney Eagle has already won two of the season's three championship races, virtually ceded the pole to Foyt, "The track is to be race ready," said Team Manager Gurney. "We want to be somewhere in the first three rows on race day so as to stay clear of any traffic jams during the start. But this year, with the speed restrictions, the pole doesn't seem to matter that much."

Others who might have wanted *roadblock*



Closing in, Deffenbach almost bumped Foyt.

to challenge Foyt for the pole met with the mechanical frustrations that have made Indy a cuss word for so many years. Gary Bettenhausen, driving an impeccably prepared Eagle set up by Mark Donohue and Roger Penske, was all show and very little go. Bettenhausen managed to blow two engines in as many days. Mauro Andretti, whose brand-new Parnelli had won the pole at Trenton Speedway last month and was touted as the only car in the field built specifically to this season's fuel requirements, could not get untracked. After four days of frustration during which he was just able to exceed 186 miles an hour, Andretti parked the Parnelli and turned to his backup Eagle—which also refused to reach 190. Teammate Al Unser fared a bit better in his own Parnelli Jones Eagle, inching over 188 on a couple of practice runs. But then he drew a qualification starting slot well down the list for Saturday and shortly before the big show started, he burned a piston in practice. This put him out of the running for the pole.

The third member of the Jones "Superteam," Joe Leonard, was still sidelined with the broken leg he sustained in the California 500 at Ontario in March. "The leg isn't mending as fast as Joe had hoped," said Andretti, shaking his head. "It's not good. The circulation hasn't come back completely."

Leonard's replacement on the Superteam was something of a surprise to those who remember Parnelli Jones as Mr. Straight. Jan Opgerman is a reformed hippie and confirmed Jesus freak who only quit blowing pot last February (by his own admission). When he applied to Parnelli last week for the ride, the only thing longer than Opgerman's hair was his string of sprint car victories—105 of them, to be precise.

"I looked right past his hair," said Jones. "What impressed me was that he ran 99 races last year and 103 the year before that. I used to run 60 a year and thought I was some kind of iron man. Anybody who runs that much has just got to have his stuff together." Nonetheless, Parnelli insisted that Opgerman get a haircut. In fact, it took two severe pruning jobs before P. J. was satisfied, and Jan Opgerman, 35, of Beaver Crossing, Neb., was a Superteamite. But he won't get a chance to show his stuff until he passes his rookie test next weekend.

In deference to the so-called energy crisis, Indy qualifying this year was cut to

two Saturdays rather than the customary two weekends. So officials tailored the situation to fit tradition: the first half of opening day was to count entirely for the basic starting grid—i.e., any cars ready to run at 11 a.m. Saturday would be given a shot at the pole. Cars unable to run until 2:30 p.m. that day (which became, in effect, Sunday) would have to take station somewhere behind, regardless of their ultimate speed.

Qualifying day broke hot and windy, with a stale yellow aura that promised rain later in the day. A massive cold front was approaching from St. Louis, the radio said, and it should start raining "farmers and pitchforks" shortly after noon. In order to keep things even during the qualification runs, the cars were equipped with "pop-off" valves mounted in the manifold, which held turbocharger pressure to a skimpy 80 inches of mercury. When Foyt had hit his 196 on Thursday, he was running closer to 90 inches, so it seemed clear that the pole winner would probably run no faster than 193. During the hour and a half of practice preceding qualification, the hot dogs all cracked the 190 mph barrier, but Foyt obviously was still the hottest of all.

What's more, Foyt had drawn the top slot for his run. In terms of drama it was everything the impresarios might have desired: Foyt would go out first, and everyone else would have to strive for his mark. A. J. was dead cool when the magic hour of 11 arrived. He winked at Di Girolamo—his sponsor's pretty wife—and disappeared into his Coyote-orange helmet. Gone was the bank-robber bandanna that was once Foyt's trademark; since he was burned at Du Quoin two years ago, his flaming bandanna char-broiling his tongue. A. J. has converted to Nomex, the flame-retardant fabric most racers prefer. After only two warmup laps, Foyt raised his fist and Starter Pat Vidan gave him the green flag. The electric current that only Indy, with all its ugliness and courage can generate, was flowing once again.

Foyt's first lap was about what he had expected. A decent 192.555. But by now the wind was whipping down the backstretch at nearly 25 miles an hour, making the left-hand turn into the short chute at the north end of the track very dicey indeed. On the second lap, A. J. held consistent—192.226—but on the third ground he came close to that edge which

ends in the wall. The wind confounded his line and he almost lost control. "Wait'll you see the reruns of that one," he said later. "I damn near lost it between three and four. I thought I was going into the wall. I really did."

The third lap was a disheartening 191.489, Foyt having scared himself that severely, and the fourth was a mere 190.275. Foyt's average for the 10 miles was 191.632 mph. He was bitterly disappointed. "It will probably be good enough for the first three or four rows," he said over the public-address system, but he had not taken the rapidly deteriorating weather into account. The track was slick and the wind was humming. At the same time, as the front approached from the southwest, the barometric pressure dropped rapidly. That "low" condition, added to the mechanical restriction of the pop-off valve, greatly reduced power in the turbochargers of every succeeding qualifier.

George Snider, driving Foyt's second car, could only come up with 183.993 miles an hour—roughly a third-row position. Bobby Unser, who had hit 192 in practice just an hour before, could run no faster than 186.220 on his opening qualification lap and ended up with a 185.176 average for the four laps. That put him, for the time being, on the inside of the second row. Just what Doctor Gurney prescribed.

At that point, the man with the best chance of bumping A. J. off the pole seemed to be Wally Dallenbach in the quickest of the three STP Eagles. Now 37, Wally is a bit of a late bloomer. Last season, after years of being one of the faceless journeymen of USAC, he won the Milwaukee 200 and the California 500, ending up second in the championship point standings to Roger McCluskey and winning the title of New Jersey's Athlete of the Year. He also gained personal stature as one of the men who helped pull David Walther from his flaming car after the smashup that aborted the start of last year's Indy 500.

Though a lot of racers were muttering that Foyt had to be doing something illegal in order to achieve his superiority, it was Dallenbach's car that came closest to copying the finger-of-the-year award. George Bignotti had equipped the Offy engine with a giant turbocharger of the sort used in Allison aircraft engines and Gold Cup hydroplanes. Fully legal because of loopholes in this year's boost

continued



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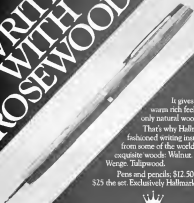
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FAST AND FRIVOLOUS *continued*

restriction rules, the big blower added 100 horsepower to the Offy's kick. In effect, it simply puffed so much fuel and air through the motor that it overrode the pop-off valve and delivered more than 30 pounds of boost as opposed to the 27½ pounds the pop-off permits. Still, the best lap Dallenbach could turn was 190.718—faster than Foyt's slowest, but not fast enough. His average speed of 189.683 mph put him right next to Tex in the front row center. Mike Mosley filled out the lineup in his Loderstar Eagle—at least for the nonce.

When the rains came, as predicted, the crazies, the flashers and the streakers took over. As usual, the Indy management failed to handle the situation and let the Turn Ones do their thing, virtually uninterrupted, for more than two hours. Even after the spate of showers ended and the track turned bone-dry, the officials held back the qualifying, contributing to the overall mood of restlessness. Had Tony Hulman ordered his tow trucks out onto the track—and turned loose a race car or two—or had Announcer Tom Carnegie firmly requested the streakers to get dressed, nice seeing ya, the delay might have been reduced by half. As it was, only five cars got out to qualify after the Rain Streak ended and another rainstorm started.

Best of that lot was rookie Tom Saeva, who made the second row with an average of 185.149 mph. Saeva, a 25-year-old junior high school principal from Sprague, Wash., is a quick study—and a good long-shot bet for the May 26 race.

When the day's running was over, average speed for the 15 qualifiers figured out to 184.252 mph, with 180.695 on the low side, setting up a situation for the second capsulized weekend that could produce a flurry of bumping for position.

Of the 11 drivers who still have a shot at the pole, the smart money has to ride with Gordon Johncock, last year's winner, in the second-fastest of the Bignotti cars. Al Unser and Johnny Rutherford both burned their engines during Saturday's prequalification practice and are thus ineligible to take a shot at Foyt—neither car was ready on the pit road at 11 a.m.—but Gordie was there and Gordie can go. The little man from Michigan, lately of Phoenix, is nothing if not a charger.

Meanwhile, Foyt will sweat, and the streakers—bless 'em all—really should recruit a few more girls.

END

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Some years ago in a hot Cleveland arena, a professional tennis player named Eddie Aikoo played a match while wearing a wrestling villain's hood, the first and only time a masked marvel has invaded the genteel sport. People who were there figured that they had seen it all, but they were wrong. Consider last week. While a new gimmick called team tennis was making its debut in various North American cities before cheering, jeering—and precious few—fans, down in Dallas an electronic gizmo was calling the serves and a teen-age Swede, not even old enough to drive a car in his native country, was playing for \$50,000.

The occasion was the fourth annual World Championship Tennis final, and the Scandinavian whir kid was Bjorn Borg, 17, who sports a Prince Valiant-length blond mane and has fjord water in his veins. Unfortunately, his opponent, 12 years his senior, was John Newcombe of Australia, who had been pointing for this day for nine months.

"When he's eager and keen and wants something badly," said another pro, speaking of Newcombe, "there's very little you can do to stop him."

Indeed, there was little Borg could do after the first set except pay attention and learn his lessons. Before 9,238 fans in Moody Coliseum and a national television audience, and with Borg's parents and a good part of the Swedish populace listening on radio, Newcombe battered the kid 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-2 and won the \$50,000, the use of a Cadillac for a year, \$1,000 worth of clothes for his wife Angie and a diamond ring with the score engraved on the band. With his second place in WCT doubles seven days earlier and his bonus for leading the regular WCT season in points, Newcombe collected \$83,000 in the two-week. He has won \$174,085 for the year and there are still 6½ months to go.

Borg started surprisingly well, breaking Newcombe in the first and third games and jumping off to a 4-0 lead in the first set. But although forced to work hard, Newcombe was in command the rest of the way. In his previous two trips to Dallas he lost in the first round. This time he was ready.

The cast in Dallas, fondly referred to in press releases and in the program as the "exceptional eight," in addition to Borg

A GOLDEN WEEK FOR A LOT OF OLDIES

Youth wasn't served in the WCT final as John Newcombe beat Bjorn Borg, 17, and team tennis seemed a good racket for some retirees by JOE JARES

and Newcombe consisted of Rod Laver of Australia, Arthur Ashe and Stan Smith of the U.S., the Nastase of Rumania, Tom (The Twitch) Okker of The Netherlands and Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia. They were the point leaders from the Red, Blue and Green WCT tours that started in January.

As a Buck Rogers treat for the exceptional eight, the WCT brass introduced an electronic service linesman. A super-sensitive netting resembling aluminum foil was laid down under the Supreme Court indoor surface and just beyond each service line. A thin wire was put under the service lines, and if a ball hit the line the system was deactivated, and nothing happened. If a serve was a fault, a "fault" sign appeared briefly on the scoreboard and on a mysterious brown box by the net judge's chair, and the human service linesman got buzzed by his special earplug. "It certainly stops you from arguing with the linesman," said Newcombe. "What can you say? He just says, 'It's the machine.' Who are you going to argue with then? You think I can beat up a computer?"

No, but just about anything else. Newcombe went into Dallas as the strong favorite. WCT polled its 84 players and 44 of them picked Newcombe to win, 19 to come in second. After all, he had finished 50 points ahead of his nearest rival in the lucrative competition underwritten by Huggar slacks and had a 38-6 record in singles.

He served beautifully Wednesday night and blew Okker out in three straight sets. Afterward Okker was asked about the buzzing linesman. "In my experience," he said, "it seems to record 75% as well when the other man is serving."

In the other Wednesday quarterfinal, Smith beat Laver in four sets, helped by Rod's atrocious serving. Laver went to Dallas in good shape, wanting the title very badly. It is one of the few tournaments he has not won. If he makes it again next year, he will be 36.

Other than Borg's early victories, which were broadcast in Sweden in the middle of the night, the highlight of the lower half of the drive was the Thursday quarter final match between Nastase and Kodes, for whom Moody Coliseum must have been named. Nastase detracted from the class of the affair by conspicuously displaying a towel with a cigarette advertisement on it and wearing an ad for the same brand on one sleeve of his tennis shirt. The pro bowlers banned such billboarding several years ago, but the Association of Tennis Professionals inhumanly has failed to do the same.

At one point in the match, with Kodes ready to serve, Nastase kept arguing with a linesman and some heckling fans. A disgusted Kodes, who is irritable in the best of circumstances, threw down the balls and walked to the sidelines. The umpire finally got play started again. After he lost a point, Nastase slammed a ball near Kodes, whose back was turned. Kodes admitted later he would have liked to punch Nasty then, and Nasty, who refused to talk to the press until Kodes had left, called Jan a "bastard."

Borg beat Ashe in straight sets the same night, then took a tired Kodes in four sets Friday night, after which he called his happy parents at 5 a.m. Swedish time. "He's calling his parents after he wins," said Newcombe. "I'm calling my children!"

"I've got wine that's older than he is," said WCT Executive Director Mike Davies of Borg. "I wonder what will happen when he turns 18 and finds out the game is not supposed to be that easy."

Bjorn Rune Borg lives in Sodertalje, near Stockholm. His father was a fine table-tennis player and won a tennis racket as first prize in a tournament when Bjorn was nine. He gave it to his son, never dreaming that in eight years the boy would be the biggest Swedish sports hero since Ingemar Johansson. The racket was too heavy, so Borg used a two-

After dropping the first set, Newcombe settled down to defeat the blond Swedish prodigy

continued

handed backhand, which remains part of his game. His best weapon is a forehand that carries so much topspin that the ball lands and skitters forward like a jackrabbit dashing for cover. His biggest weakness is his volley, which he figures could be improved by 25%.

Borg is mostly poker-faced on and off the court and nothing seems to disturb his tranquil nature. He was considerably annoyed in recent weeks, however, when he was being tugged at by the team-tennis people on one side and his national federation on the other. Sweden won and Borg left Dallas to go home and play a Davis Cup match against Poland at a seaside resort, where his fans were clamoring for tickets.

Newcombe had different destinations this week. He planned to play in Houston for his new team, the EZ Riders, and to commute to the \$150,000 Alan King Classic in Las Vegas. Has rackets, will travel, by plane for the time being. His Cadillac will have to sit for a while.



Surely it was the polite tradition—worshipping game of tennis they were playing down there on the green court in the Pittsburgh Civic Arena. There was gentlemanly Ken Rosewall, ladylike Evonne Goolagong and, uh, Billie Jean King, who had bells on her skirt and a bell on her back. Spectators were banging on triangles called “Goola-gongs.” Rosewall was angrily shaking his racket in King’s face. A man in the stands stood up and bellowed, “Billie Jean King wears Brute!” Mercy, this could not be tennis. And it was not tennis, either. It was from tennis, a sport introduced last week in the U.S. and Canada with more ballyhoo

and confusion than P.T. Barnum—and certainly Bill Tilden—ever dreamed of.

The official name is World Team Tennis (WTT) and it consists of 16 teams whose home bases range from Honolulu to New York to Miami to Toronto, playing in four sections and two divisions. They will battle from early May to mid-August, then have playoffs and a championship, just like basketball, baseball and all the other team sports cluttering the newspapers and boggling the minds of those who attempt to keep track of expansion teams, nicknames and unimpeachable simultaneous pennant races.

The league is stocked with excellent players: King, Newcombe, Jimmy Connors, Tom Okker, Rosemary Casals, Cliff Richey, Cliff Drysdale. But many of the best American men—Stan Smith, Arthur Ashe, Tom Gorman, Marty Riessen—have declined to sign, and such colorful foreigners as Borg and Nastase are as yet outside the fold. Florida would dearly love to have local girl Chris Evert, but she is going to play the European circuit instead.

Actually, there is nothing new about promoters trying to turn an individual or tournament game into a team sport. It has been tried with bowling, boxing and golf without success. What is unique about WTT is that it is intersexual. Women are down there on the field of combat with men, playing mixed doubles for pay, their singles matches counting for just as much. Ms. King is not only the star of the Philadelphia Freedoms, she is also the coach—Mother Freedom. “We’re a second-half ball club,” she said last week in her best Red Auerbach imitation.

Another unique thing about WTT is that it allows, even encourages, yelling and rooting during a match. The Hawaii Lads, whose nickname has inspired a series of bad jokes, plan to pass out megaphones to their fans. Pittsburgh has the Goola-gongs, and the Boston Lobsters have a cheerleading mascot, a young fellow dressed up in an orange-red lobster outfit with a racket in one claw and shocking-pink panty hose peeking out from under the tail. In Philly a bell tolls every time the Freedoms win a set.

“I think it’s great,” said King. “I’ve been waiting a long time to have people hoot and holler.”

“I really liked the whole thing,” said New York Sets’ Player-Coach Manuel Santana. “When they start cheering for

you during a match it makes you feel good.”

Cheering, yes, but heckling, no, was the view of Pittsburgh Player-Coach Ken Rosewall. His Triangles lost to Philly 31-25 in the WTT inaugural in the Spectrum. The two teams met again for the Pittsburgh debut, the Freedoms winning one more, 30-25. Rosewall was receiving serve and a young Britisher sitting on Philly’s bench, Buster Mottram, began to heckle him. Rosewall lost the point and was so angry he nearly stalked off the court. He did shake his racket in King’s face in the manner of a scolding teacher shaking his finger at a juvenile delinquent. Then he shook his racket at the Freedoms’ bench. King kept Mottram reasonably quiet for the rest of the match.

Rosewall and King argued about crowd noise afterward, with Mother Freedom insisting, “I’m all for yelling. It’s good for the game—especially this kind of game.”

Amid all this ballpark-stadium-carnival din, the players and spectators have to keep in mind a batch of rule changes so radical that the lords of lawn tennis must be dropping their monocles. The WTT format is one set of women’s singles, one set of men’s singles and one set of mixed doubles, followed by a 15-minute halftime (which lasted in some cases up to an hour). The second half is a repeat—men, women, mixed—although not necessarily with the same players.

Substitutions are allowed. For instance, Kristy Pigeon of Hawaii (wearing a pretty white frock with a multi-colored cloth lei embroidered around the neckline) started the second-half women’s singles against New York’s Pam Teeguarden. Bingo, she was behind 3-0 and couldn’t seem to keep her serves inside the Nassau Coliseum. Hawaii Player-Coach Dennis Ralston yanked her, put in Valerie Ziegenfuss and temporarily looked like Casey Stengel when Ziegenfuss broke Teeguarden’s serve. But Pam went on to win and Val didn’t get a “save.”

The scoring in each game is no-ad (1, 2, 3, game, rather than the hoary 15, 30, 40, game). If a game goes to 3-3, the next point wins. No ads or deuces. The cumulative team scoring allows a point for each game won. If the Houston EZ Riders win the first three sets 6-0, they go off at halftime with an 18-0

continued

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load. If the sets were 6-3, 4-6, 6-2, the score would be 16-11.

Team tennis is one of the few sports in which one side can be mathematically eliminated before the contest is over, and it can be a frightful bore watching the Cleveland Nets and Detroit Loves finishing out a meaningless mixed doubles. But there can be slambang dummies and comebacks, too. Unfortunately, most of Florida's home-opener crowd of 5,126 had departed by midnight, when the Flamingos' team of Mark Cox and Betty Ann Grubb won 12 of the final 15 points to beat Los Angeles 27-26.

"This is the most unbelievable thing I've ever seen," said Flamingo Coach Frank Froehling.

"I'm ecstatic," said Cox. "I thought it was very exciting and a great experience. I felt a tremendous sense of triumph after we won the last point."

WTT is good for the players for a number of reasons besides money. Since only a set or two is required, oldtimers like Ray Emerson, 37, of the Golden Gaters,

Fred Stolle, 35, of the Freedoms and Maria Bueno, 34, of the Flamingos, can extend their careers by three to five years then perhaps stay on as coaches. There is health insurance, trainers and a home base—but also some brutal travel. Los Angeles opened in Miami, went to Minnesota two nights later and Oakland the next night.

The owners were not so ecstatic as Cox and the oldsters. Philadelphia announced a crowd of 10,611 for its much-publicized and circuslike opener against Pittsburgh, which was lots of fun, but two nights later only 1,787 showed up to see the racket-wielding lobster and his team compete in the Spectrum. For 23 matches in its historic first week the average WTT attendance was 3,280, and many tickets were given away and some attendance figures exaggerated. The Denver Racquets could draw only 1,481 for their opener and seem likely to go downhill from there, or to a more hospitable city. The Golden Gaters played before 4,012, not too bad considering that the Oak-

land A's drew only 2,980 baseball fans the same night. Still, at \$50,000 a franchise, plus player contracts, arena rentals and incidental start-up costs, it seems the owners have bought themselves licenses to lose.

"I think it might take four or five years," said King, and she is probably not far off.

"We serve you right" is the Baltimore slogan, but the question is how long can the promoters serve up this novelty before 2,000 or fewer people? Maybe longer than the skeptics think. An attorney knowledgeable about tennis was talking to a Washington, D.C., man who was thinking about taking a WTT expansion franchise for a mere \$350,000.

"You'd drop \$400,000 a year," said the lawyer.

"Good," said the would-be tennis tycoon. "It'll be a great tax loss."

Box lacrosse and volleyball are the next sports to be organized into pro leagues. Get your tax losses now while they're hot. **END**



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SHORT AND SWEET BUT OH SO DEADLY

When you stand on the tee, the green looks so close it seems you could underhand the ball five feet from the pin. For the high-handicap golfer, the short par-3 offers his best chance to glory—one smooth swing can put him just as close as the club pro. But subtle dangers often convert the slightest mistake into a bogey, or worse. On the following pages Artist Donald Moss depicts six of the most attractive—and treacherous—short par-3s in the country, none of them longer than 150 yards, and Jack Nicklaus preaches what he practices.

PRINCEVILLE, NO. 3

The tee is some 60 feet above and 125 yards away from the green, so the trick is to finesse the shot—to get the ball up onto the Hawaiian trade winds and let it float down onto the putting surface. The hole requires an eight- or nine-iron for the average player, and the correct choice is important. If you hit the ball short it will plop into a small lake or a trap. Hit it too far and it will wind up in a jungle of guava, luhala and platan.





CROCKETT SPRINGS, NO. 9

From the tee one sees the rolling hills of central Tennessee beyond, and about 145 yards away, a cloverleaf green interspersed with islets of sand. The average player will choose an eight-iron, but because the winds are so variable here and because the hole plays shorter than it looks from the height of the tee, club selection can be difficult.

PINE VALLEY, NO. 10

Across a New Jersey wasteland of scrub pine (top, opposite page), 145 yards from a raised tee, lies an undulating green, virtually surrounded by sand. At its right least is a ferocious little trap known to members euphemistically as the Devil's Apertures. No wonder—there is five feet of swinging space to lift the ball 10 feet onto the green.

PEBBLE BEACH, NO. 7

The green hangs on the edge of the Pacific, surrounded by six traps, and from its elevated tee looks even smaller than it is, and that is small enough. Although only 110 yards away, the green is difficult to hit. On a calm day a good player probably would use a wedge, but when the onshore wind is blowing, the hole can require a three-iron.







MERION, NO. 13

Those familiar with this 129-yard hole call it subtle, deceptive and adreably old-fashioned. Its 5,000-square-foot green provides a good target, but the surface is slightly concave, a shallow dish that tilts to the right. Whether he is on the tee or recovering from one of the four traps, the golfer's problem is not so much getting on as getting close.



AND YET A DUFFER CAN BE A HERO

by JACK NICKLAUS

A short par-3, like death or a banana peel, is a great equalizer. Think about it. Those little 110- to 150-yarders are the only holes on a golf course where the duffer can hope to match the club champion or even a professional. Put simply, if I ever had to go head to head with a 100-shooter on one green hole, I wouldn't choose a short par-3. Give me a long par-5, enough room for the duffer to make some mistakes.

The short par-3 is too much like sudden death. I look for a birdie on such a hole, and so does the scratch player. The average guy, say a 12- to 16-handicap, while hoping for a birdie, feels confident that at least he won't bogey, and the 100-shooter knows he can make a par if he just keeps his wits about him. It may be that this very confidence is what makes a golfer play it well. In other words, because he feels he can play the par-3 well, he relaxes and *loves* play it well.

But matching your score to your expectations is a matter of seasoning the optimism with a bit of clear thinking. First, the subject of club selection. I don't know why it is, but the 100-shooter will invariably underclub himself. While pondering his choice he is remembering the one time he used a five and hit over the green instead of the 77 times he used a six and came up short. He also tends to play for solid contact on every shot, when actually he only accomplishes this once in every 10 shots or so. It may sound silly to play for a miss, but it is often the realistic thing to do. A five-iron, even if you don't quite catch all of it, will get you onto the green more often than not, while a six just increases the odds against

you. Sure, with a five the ball might go clear to the back edge of the green on the occasion that you do catch all of it, but a realist will figure the percentages.

The wind, the placement of the pin and the location of the tee are what determine my choice of club, and on the 135-yard 12th at Augusta National (*left*), which I consider the most demanding tournament hole in the world, I have used every iron from a four to a nine. There is always one day of the four days of the Masters when the pin is on the left, the closest part of the green, and the tee is up front. For some reason it seems that day is usually the best of the tournament, with a pleasant breeze coming down the hill behind you—a nice nine-iron shot. But let the pin be placed on the far right and the tee back and the wind blowing in from the right and it's "six-irons out" everywhere. I never play for the pin in those conditions. I may get there, but what I'm aiming for is the center of the green, just beyond the front bunker. I want to get over the water but stay out of the back bunkers, so even if I end up chipping from the swale that runs along the back of the green I'm not unhappy.

In the same situation, a good golfer with a tendency to fade should aim at the left side of the green and try to work the ball. If the main problem for a slightly lesser talent is merely clearing the water, he first should be sure that he takes enough club and that he aims to the left, no matter where the pin is, the left being the closest part of the green, and plan on chipping for a three. A three or even a four beats knocking it into the water twice for a seven.

Being realistic, however, doesn't obviate the need to be aggressive if you want to make birdies. No matter what club I choose for a short par-3 I am going to be sure I hit it hard. If the choice for an average golfer is between a good firm nine and an easy eight, I'd rather see him take the nine. I think he has more of a tendency to come off the easy eight, thereby sending it all over the place. If he is hitting into the wind, though, and the choice is between a hard eight, say, and an easy seven, I'd advise the seven. I would handle the shot by choking down an inch or two so I can hit it just as hard as the eight but still get the lower trajectory of the seven. I don't want to hang it up there in the wind.

Sometimes the very thing that makes a short par-3 visually memorable is just what makes it hard to play. The 7th at Pebble Beach, for instance, is a tee shot from high above the green. The height can cause a problem in depth perception and make it difficult to judge the right club to use. On the 15th at Cypress Point the green is on a pretty little headland above rocks and water, but the shot is extremely tricky because the green banks sharply in the direction of the tee. And on both holes the wind almost always compounds the difficulty.

Because of the tendency when hitting into the wind to put backspin on the ball, a shot that is right on line to a pin at the rear of the 15th at Cypress will bite and come back to the front edge every time. Gosh, that's a difficult shot! If I am hitting into the wind on the 7th at Pebble Beach, and usually I am, rather than taking an eight or a nine and hitting it hard, I'll choose a little eight or even a seven and almost clap the ball, putting as little action on it as possible so it lands softly and doesn't do a lot of spinning.

As you can see, all it takes to do well on a short par-3, besides a reasonable amount of optimism, is a tee shot that is over the water, under the wind, off the rocks and out of the sand. Plus a couple of good putts. **END**

ONE HOT SPOT AFTER ANOTHER

in which the manager of the A's, who is off to a ragged start with the unruly champions, reflects on some of the troubles he has seen in other towns **by ALVIN DARK with JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The one thing I have wanted to do in baseball, my last ambition, so to speak, is to start from scratch with a young team and take it to a championship. I can't imagine anything more rewarding for a manager. In San Francisco we won a pennant but I was working with a mostly veteran team. In Cleveland we traded away most of the veterans and replaced them with young players who might have had a chance, but the prospects were doubtful because the Cleveland farm system was weak. In Kansas City, when I took the job managing Charlie Finley's Athletics in 1965, there was no doubt in my mind we could do it. Finley had them on their way. The fact that I wasn't around when they did win in 1972 and 1973 obviously didn't slow them up much. Most managers only win pennants in their dreams.

This season has brought me new re-

spect for the A's. It has taken awhile to learn the players again—they're older, I'm older. But I've never been with a harder-working bunch of guys, world champions or not. Up to now we've been struggling to stay near the lead in the Western Division. Reggie Jackson is even greater than I had heard. He was instrumental in seven of our first eight victories, and is as close to a Willie Mays as I've ever seen. I've made mistakes, as I expected to, there is an adjustment period when you have been out of baseball two full seasons.

Finley has been very active, which I also expected. We talk every day, and the talks sometimes get very animated. It's not hard to tell that he is proud of this club and what it has accomplished and is intent on winning again. Needless to say, I want to win just as badly.

It takes a man like Charlie Finley to

get a club to the threshold as quickly as he did, because there is more to building an organization than paying a star like Jackson \$150,000 a year. It takes somebody with guts and foresight and a willingness to put money into areas where the investment won't return much glory. That means in the farm system, in scouting. Show me a team that is a consistent loser and I'll show you a team that neglects its farm system and hires 70-year-old retired players on Social Security to do its scouting.

Finley is like Leo Durocher in that respect. He has guts coming out of his ears, and he doesn't care what anybody says or thinks, or that baseball resists making changes. If he thinks it is worth trying, he tries it. I didn't like the mule on the field either, or the soft ball uniforms, but for all his apparent fondness for theatrics you didn't have to be a detective

DARK NEW A's MANAGER

Al Dark Fired by Finley

DARK OUSTED BY INDIANS

Finley!

to know that here was a man who was way ahead of everybody else. I said exactly that after he fired me in 1967, and I've said it since, and if he fires me tomorrow I'll still say it.

It has to be a tremendous satisfaction for Finley to realize that with few exceptions the guys who won world championships back to back were houseplants who came up through the A's system. Rudi, Bando, Campaneris, Green, Jackson, Fingers, Blue, Hunter, Odom—

every one a player Finley went out and offered a bonus to and signed.

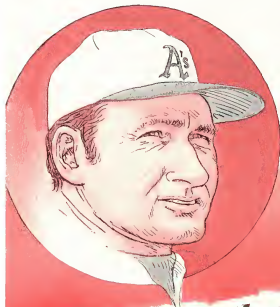
Baseball has never been able to hide the evidence of that kind of enlightenment. Baltimore has been picking up fine young players from the draft every year. The Orioles put their money in places where it will go to work for them. They have good men to find good talent. The Yankees used to have four or five well-known, well-paid scouts who did a tremendous job. It was almost an honor

to have one of them look at you.

Nowadays another club might make a big splash in the papers about signing its No. 1 pick, the first draft choice, but who doesn't know about that particular player? Every scout can predict who the top two or three draft choices will be. The good scout is the one who can spot the 18th and 19th rounder nobody else knew about, and then see him wind up playing regularly. Pay your scouting people chicken feed and you'll wind up with turkeys in your infield.

One thing I was sure about when I was fired by the Giants in 1964 was that there was a lot about managing I wasn't sure about. And that I certainly hadn't had my fill of it, despite the bitter circumstances of my firing. In 1965 John Holland, vice-president of the Cubs, asked me to coach under Bob Kennedy. Kennedy was a friend of mine, and I told Holland I'd coach but I'd never manage the Cubs. I would never want to coach for a

continued



Gives Dark Another Shot

Champs Hope Dark Runs Loose Ship

manager if people thought I might someday replace him. In July, Kennedy was fired and Holland hired Lou Klein. A month before the season was over I won a little golf tournament among the Cubs in Chicago and the story was in the local papers. Charlie Finley has an office in Chicago. He read the article and, with the Cubs' permission, phoned me up.

"I didn't know you were coaching," he said. "You must have something better to do. How about coming with us?"

It's hard to tell Charlie Finley no. I became his "administrative assistant," and then in November he asked me to manage the club.

So Alvin R. Dark went to work for Charles O. Finley. You definitely work for Finley, and if you don't you might as well call your travel agent. My impression of Finley from then to now hasn't changed, except for a few modifications I had read so much about him—you really couldn't keep from knowing him, the way he did things. We probably became closer after he fired me, but as time went on I came to enjoy him immensely. We had absolutely nothing in common, and yet we developed a strong relationship. I could laugh at his stories by the hour. I admired his dedication to work. He *loves* to work.

Baseball people, naturally, were dumbfounded by him. He had brought into the Athletics in 1960 and the shrapnel started flying almost immediately. He became famous overnight for firing people. He would ask any question that came to his mind. If it sounded like a dumb question he didn't care. He wanted to know.

I learned two other things over the years. One was that he has a hard time trusting anybody. He is skeptical about what he's told. I suppose it's because he has been burned so much. He'll get 20 different opinions on the same subject, then he'll go out and get one more. "What do you think? Yeah, well, let me check it out."

The second thing I learned was that Charlie was always willing to take a chance, and if the idea wasn't his own he'd run with it anyway. He told me he didn't think professional football ought to be the only sport that kept pace with the times. He did things that at first blush seemed ridiculous. The softball uniforms, the white shoes, the mule, the rab-

bit popping out of the ground with fresh balls. The response was as predictable as it would have been if he'd walked into a library and yelled, "The drinks are on the house." The Establishment owners treated him as an outsider and then didn't give him credit for any of his ideas they copied.

They wound up imitating his uniforms and his shoes. They adopted his idea to play at least some World Series games at night, as well as the All-Star Game, so more people could see it. And we owe the existence of the designated hitter to Charlie, too. In the spring of 1970, when I was managing Cleveland, he and I agreed to play a game in which both teams used the designated hitter. The next spring we used a designated pinch runner as well. The runner was his idea. They'll adopt that one, too, one of these days. Who enjoys seeing a gimp-legged guy trying to run bases? The designated hitter has been a success and the only reason National League teams don't use it is that their owners didn't think of it first.

Football changes every year. Baseball's a fantastic game, with all kinds of dramatic potential, but it chokes on the very mention of change. Most of baseball's so-called distractions could be solved so simply. They talk about speeding the game up. That's easy. Players can run on and off the field, which speeds things up, and we need a rule requiring the hitter to stay in the box. Batters kill more time than pitchers.

Football has what amounts to inter-league play, and it is inevitable in baseball. Charlie wants it, so, naturally, the owners keep resisting it. Football gives incentive bonuses to players and coaches. Baseball doesn't. Finley has advocated them for years and got fired trying to give one to Catfish Hunter in 1968. I tried to put a few performance clauses in Sam McDowell's Cleveland contract in 1971—\$1,000 a victory, say, for each one over 20—but the commissioner found out about this and a couple of other such clauses, fired the club and made us rescind them. Over a 162-game season a player needs incentives, especially if he's on a sixth-place team.

I think, too, that baseball suffers from a lack of expertise. I've had a chance to watch some telecasts in the last few years, and the things that make baseball a great tactical adventure, a contest of wit and

guile, are seldom if ever explained. Football has experts crawling all over one another in the television booths, giving you enough strategy to make your head swim, and then the baseball experts come on and tell you exactly what you see. Or don't even tell you that. Maury Wills and Joe Garagiola are exceptions.

Baseball is a team sport with individual plays. The action is isolated. A man can have a great year, and the team finish dead last. In football you can win without a great passing game. You can win without a great running game. Baseball is more lopsided—if you don't have good pitching, you don't win anything.

Every winning baseball team has good pitching. They used to write that when the Dodgers were winning pennants regularly, their weakness was their pitching. Their pitchers were named Roe, Erskine, Newcombe, Labine, Koufax and Drysdale. It looked like they didn't have good pitching because they were playing in that bandbox at Ebbets Field. It's tough to pitch with your shoulders to the wall. (I have to say, however, that I miss Ebbets Field. Parks like that had an intimacy the big sterile new super stadiums can't come close to duplicating, and I think that hurts baseball, too. Fans like to be close enough to see the fire in your eyes, or to breathe the hot advice down your neck.)

A baseball manager doesn't control a game, doesn't control his fate the way a good football coach does. You don't see any 10-year contracts in professional baseball. The owners are never completely sure if a manager is any good, because the best sometimes finish last. Managers play musical chairs, going from failure to triumph and back again.

To satisfy the urge to build a champion from scratch a manager must have a young team that has the talent, desire and time to develop, and an ownership and constituency that isn't so jaded or impatient that it can't wait for nature to take its course. Admittedly, that kind of situation is hard to find. But that was what I found when I came to the Athletics in 1965.

My first year with the A's we finished seventh and won more games than Charlie had ever won. I was runner-up for Manager of the Year, and we polished off the season with a three-game sweep of the Tigers. Charlie was very happy.

continued



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Available only through golf professional shops.

He expressed it in his own modest way. He gave me a Cadillac.

Then came 1967, and trouble, and if it hadn't happened to me I would be willing to see some humor in it. But it did, so I don't. At least not much. I have to say this for Finley: he never once interfered with my field managing. But off the field he was the boss, and when I had to go against him I knew I was doomed.

We weren't doing as well in 1967, and we were coming off a tiring road trip climaxed by a tough loss to Boston. On team plane rides I had made it a policy, win or lose, never to sit in the back, but to stay up front and not rubberneck. I didn't want to know what the players did because I didn't want to prejudice my viewpoint if their habits were different from mine. They knew how I felt about drinking, but I'm not about to tell a man he can't drink. He has to make that decision for himself.

The rule at the time was that each player got two or three cans of beer on the plane. But this particular trip some of them were passing around those little whiskey miniatures. That's all I knew. I got off the plane first, and left. I didn't hang around.

Two weeks later we were on another road trip, in Washington, and Charlie called. He said, "I want you to fine Lew Krausse and suspend him."

I said, "What? What for?"

"Because he was drunk getting off the plane after the last road trip and used bad language around a woman passenger."

Krausse hadn't been having a good year. In 1966 he had won 14 games, his all-time high, but in 1967 he was struggling. Airplane rides had nothing to do with it.

I said, "Charlie, I know nothing about this. Where'd you get it? If I suspend him without knowing why, he can sue me and you and everybody."

Someone traveling with the A's party had told Finley the story. Charlie was told that a woman with a child had been on the plane and that Krausse had used "deplorable language," and the woman had written him about it.

But what they had failed to take into consideration was that Lew Krausse had just lost his mother. You never know what's going on in a man's personal life when he's having trouble professionally.

Charlie was usually very good about things like that. If one of his boys was in trouble, he'd come to the rescue—with money, with some kind of help. But evidently the reports he had received were different from my impressions.

I said, "Charlie, you can't fine and suspend him, you just can't do it." I had talked with some of the players. They were just as likely to swear the other way. Ken Harrelson was always in the middle of that kind of thing and he said it didn't happen. "Skip," he told me, "Lew didn't do anything." So I told Charlie I couldn't go along with him.

"I'm coming to town," he said.

Lew had been left back in Kansas City, so rumors were flying. That morning at the park in Washington the players learned of Charlie's intentions. After the game Jack Aker, the player representative, and Harrelson and a couple others came into my room. Harrelson said they were going to put out a statement against Finley.

I said, "All right, but it might get you in trouble. Before you do let me see what you write." Jack Aker was writing it on a little piece of paper. They were all anxious to defend Krausse, and in one sense this was good. They were a united bunch of guys. They were mostly kids, 19 and 22 and 25 years old, and they knew someday they were going to be champions. It was great for a manager to see.

About 7 p.m., three hours after his call, Charlie was in Washington. We talked about the situation some more, and he said, "Alvin, I'm going to have to let you go. I want my manager to back me on this, and you're not doing it."

"Charlie, you can get sued. I don't have any proof, you don't have proof. But it's your club."

I was fired, and still we just sat there, talking.

And we talked and talked. And talked some more. And I found myself telling him what a terrific bunch of boys he had, that with them and the ones he had coming up—Reggie Jackson was just a year away, Sal Bando was coming up—he would win a pennant for sure, and it wouldn't take long. And we kept talking. And finally he said, "How'd you like to manage two more years?"

I said, "Fine, Charlie, but you just fired me. You going to hire me back?"

"How about two more years?"

I said, "Fine."

I should have left right then. Ten minutes later a reporter called and said that a statement was out, by the ballplayers, ripping Finley about the Lew Krausse case. Charlie hung up the phone and looked at me. "Did you know about this?"

"About what?"

I said I knew they were planning a statement, but I hadn't read it.

Charlie said, "Get Jack Aker."

Aker was in Baltimore, visiting a friend of the family. We waited. By the time he got back and up to Charlie's room it was 2 a.m.

He told Charlie the players didn't think Krausse was getting a fair deal. Finley said, "Did Alvin know about this?"

"Yeah."

"What's that, Jack?" I said.

And Aker pulled out that little piece of paper. I hadn't read it, but I couldn't deny I was aware of it.

"You knew they were working on this?" Finley said.

"Yes I did."

So he fired me again. He felt I'd lied to him. I didn't argue. I wouldn't under any circumstances. But it hit me hard. I had a great affection for that team. In many ways they made those the happiest two years—well, year and three-quarters—of my managing career. They were like sons to me. I love to teach, and they were teachable. And they were on their way to the top.

It rained the next day, and in the clubhouse I tried to tell them I was leaving. Ordinarily I can handle something like that. With Horace Stoneham of the Giants, I just shook his hand and left. But this time it got to me, and I broke down.

The players were almost as emotional as I was. That night they started speaking up, threatening to strike. Harrelson said he wasn't going to play, period. Charlie responded by giving him his unconditional release, making him possibly the first player in baseball history to be fired. I'm not sure the Hawk enjoyed the distinction, but momentarily it was a bonanza. He got a \$75,000 bonus for signing with the Red Sox a few days later.

That night the papers were filled with the players' intentions. They were going to strike. I saw the headlines as I was going into a restaurant for dinner.

continued

I went right to a pay phone and called Harrelson.

"What's the idea?" I said. "You trying to beat me to the golf course?"

He said the players were going to strike.

I said, "Ken, there are two sides to every story."

As it turned out they didn't strike and I was just as glad, because it would have solved nothing. It certainly wouldn't have changed Charlie Finley's mind.

Now came the time in my life that I am least proud of. Or most ashamed of, take your pick. There is a story in the Old Testament, in the second book of *Chronicles*, about a king named Uzziah who got too big for his britches. He had done everything, had everything, and then he had begun to act like he *knew* everything, and because he turned away from God he wound up a leper. Alvin Dark's King Uzziah period was 1968 to 1971.

I had taken the Cleveland job in the fall of 1967, still saddened by the Kansas City episode but itching to make a team in my image, the way Leo Durocher did with the Giants in 1951. I had wondered if the way to do it was to be both the manager and general manager. That way I would not only control play on the field but the moves in the front office as well—the trades and the draft picks and the contract negotiations.

It makes sense. With that kind of power you could do most anything with a ball club. In football it is not unusual—Bear Bryant is head coach and athletic director at Alabama; Vince Lombardi was head coach and general manager of the Packers. But there have been very few who ever tried it in baseball. And now I can say with complete candor that I would never try it again. And wouldn't recommend it. I don't think it can be done.

Here's the rub: when you're the general manager, and you're arguing salary with a young man, and he tells you he wants \$90,000 and you say, "Son, you're not worth that much," and then you have to go out and coach him and manage him on the field... well, the symptoms alone are enough to kill the patient. Every move is interpreted: "You don't like me, you don't want to give me any money, you don't like the way I play..."

The most sorrowful, most tragic thing

that happened to me in 28 years of professional baseball occurred during that time, with me trying to work both ends against the middle. In 1969 Tony Horton had all the earmarks of becoming a great ballplayer. He was a superb athlete, 6'3", 210 pounds. He drove in 93 runs and hit 27 homers, and he was still only 24 years old. His salary was approximately \$30,000.

That winter he asked for \$100,000.

If we had won the pennant, or made a lot of money at the gate, it still would not have been a reasonable request, but under the circumstances it was impossible. I said, "Tony, you can't get that much, not for just one good year."

And it started. We'd talk, and he'd go down a little—to \$90,000, to \$85,000. And we'd talk some more. "Tony, if we'd won the pennant—" O.K. \$75,000.

The newspapers got into it, implying that Horton was acting like a prima donna, and when the season started the fans got on him unmercifully. It affected his play. He got off to a bad start. After a long, long hassle, he settled for a \$15,000 raise. And in 1970 he wound up having a nervous breakdown.

Tony Horton hasn't played an inning since. I don't necessarily believe it was my fault, but I was the general manager and I had had to see the situation from both sides. Here was a fine young man in his prime, with everything ahead of him. A wonderful kid with wonderful parents. I can't help but take it personally. It was the saddest thing that ever happened to me in baseball.

As things developed I doubt if I could have created more resentment in Cleveland if I had hired a crew to help me. By the time I got through alienating everybody I was hard put to find support. A manager's job is to keep the morale and the contributing level of the players at their peaks. That's the tough part. Handling the pitching staff is the top single tactical item. Statistics and knowing when to rest players are not such a big deal. Handling the press shouldn't be difficult, but you can't fight the press day after day and do a good job. I tried it in Cleveland and I know it can't be done.

In 1968, my first year, the Indians won 86 games and finished third in the American League East, their highest finish in nine years. I was named Good Guy of the Year by one Cleveland poll. By 1970

I couldn't have gotten a vote for Good Guy of the Minute. What happened was that in the middle of the '69 season, when Vernon Stouffer, the chairman, offered me the chance to be both manager and general manager, I accepted eagerly.

Gabe Paul, who had been general manager, was kicked upstairs to "president." He got word of the change in advance, and more or less asked me not to take the GM job, and when my acceptance was imminent he sent messages to my room in New York where we were on a road trip. I didn't answer them. I knew Mr. Stouffer was going to announce the change that week and I didn't want to be to Gabe.

So from the beginning Gabe was resentful and bitter, and I don't blame him. He'd hired me, and I'd wound up with his job. And I very seldom went around to his office to chat. I could have learned a lot from Gabe Paul. He's a smart man, and the Yankees are lucky to have him.

Every day in *The Plain Dealer* there was something new to get me aggravated. I thought in 1970, after we had slumped in 1969, that the Indians were coming back, but I was so much at war with the Cleveland press that I was always distracted. We fought tooth and nail over every issue, and if we couldn't find one we went looking.

The Indians then were not the young team building that I dreamed of. The money wasn't available to spend, and while there were some promising young players, this was not enough. It was not a healthy situation. When you are a general manager-manager, with so much power, you are bound to be resented so you better win quick. And this we couldn't do.

Part of the problem in that kind of situation today is that athletes and management are continually at odds. Neither side trusts the other. It seems a foregone conclusion that management will offer a pro athlete as little as possible, and the athlete will want more than he's worth. Contention is inevitable. The player is worrying about his limited career, management is worrying about inflated costs. The general manager is right in the middle, which is a place a field manager should not be. A field manager needs to be thought of as a link between management and player, not a co-conspirator.

I liked and admired Mr. Stouffer. He

couldn't have been nicer to my wife Jackie and me, and all he really wanted when he got into the ownership of the Indians was to keep the club in Cleveland. But he wasn't realistic about baseball. He thought we could talk players into hitting .300. No such luck. The team was struggling, the gate was bad, and money problems pressed in on him. It didn't help any that I was at odds with everybody.

When it got too bad, in late July, he called me into his office one morning and said the only thing he could think of to do was to try another manager. It is not an unusual solution in baseball. The press had been hard on him, too. The commentators made so much fun of him that his wife quit reading the papers.

I said, "Mr. Stouffer, thank you. It's your club. I'm sorry I failed you." And that was that.

The team passed into the hands of Johnny Ligon, one of my coaches, and poor Johnny really had a handful. The Indians won only 10 of their last 45 games, and he was fired, too. The next spring Mr. Stouffer sold the club.

I don't think I was necessarily a bad manager in Cleveland, though I admit to not having the taste for managing that I had in Kansas City, but my press relations were abominable. And my human relations weren't much better. Uzziah Dark had had his comeuppance.

The leprosy was hard to live with for a while. I had 2½ years on my contract, which kept us in groceries. But the chance to vindicate myself, to manage again, didn't come. Wishing for it didn't help a bit. The telephone never rang. And I have to think there were more than a couple general managers around who were tickled pink I had failed.

I was bitter for a long while, but then I came to realize that it was me who had been at fault. There was no one else to blame. I had been on an ego trip. I had punched my own ticket, and I had reached the end of the line. As a Christian I had been about as un-Christlike as I could have been. And when I came to that realization it all fell into place. The rest, of painful, was easy.

I wrote letters to every man I thought I had offended with my actions in Cleveland, including Gabe Paul and the writers. I did it for no other reason than to apologize, as a Christian should. In retrospect, I think those two years-plus were

as important to the spiritual education of Alvin Dark as any 10 years of my life. *More important.*

The second year, in fact, Jackie and I were never happier, never more content. I wanted to manage again, certainly, but if it didn't happen I was sure my life was on a better course. I wouldn't have liked being an amateur golfer the rest of my life, but I was prepared for it.

I had to be realistic. I hadn't made a lot of friends in baseball. I couldn't expect a rush on my services. But I should know by now you don't count Charlie Finley among the ordinary. Since I had left Finley's employ, we had become phone pals. I don't know how many times we talked long distance when I was in Cleveland, and when I was out of baseball there was always some problem or ballplayer or baseball tactic to discuss. When Dick Williams announced he would not return as manager last October, I called Charlie and applied for the job.

Finally, in February, he asked me, "What if I made you the manager and on the first day of spring training Dick Williams shows up and says, 'I'm the manager, here's my contract'?" At that time their contract differences hadn't been resolved.

I said, "If that happened, Charlie, all it would cost you is a round-trip ticket."

To say that I am glad to be back would be an understatement. To say that managing a two-time world champion ball club is not a little frightening would be a lie. I am impressed by the players' talent, just as I am pleased that I had a small part in getting them started so many years ago. At least it seems long ago when I realize how much they've grown.

To say that I won't, at some hectic time or another, revert to form and flip over a buffet or two, or throw some furniture around after a loss would be asking for a miracle. Though as a Christian I certainly believe in miracles.

Not all of it has been roses in my path, of course. One of the first columns I read about the "new" Alvin Dark dredged up all the old Alvin Dark stories, and once again raised the specter of "racism." I expected that. But it was a minority report, and I haven't let it spoil my homecoming, because God is in charge. A man doesn't get cured of leprosy every day.

END

Graduate...

NBC CONSIDERS ICING THE PUCK



PRE-BROADCAST HOCKEY PLAYERS CONNALL AND FIGIELSKI

Out on the ice the Philadelphia Flyers and the Boston Bruins crunch each other in pursuit of Lord Stanley's Cup and down in the basement of the Spectrum in Philadelphia, the National Broadcasting Company's remote truck rocks with cheers and hoots as the TV crew pumps the game out across the country as well as it has ever been done on the tube—with better camera work, less blather and more savvy than any crew before them. Yet for NBC's first-rate hockey staff these are uncertain times. Nobody in the industry seems to want to discuss the future of the two-year-old marriage between the network and the NHL. There is reason to believe that the union is headed for splitville and that NBC may elect not to pick up its option for a third season of hockey. The problem, as always, is ratings, which have turned out to be not as high as some people had anticipated. This despite the fact that NBC hockey is one of the ethereally bright spots of sports programming.

The particular virtue NBC brings to its NHL coverage is top-to-bottom expertise, unmatched anywhere in TV coverage of team sports. The crew of 40 was handpicked two years ago by the executive producer, Scotty Connall, a 45-year-old former NBC page, and remains on hockey from the first TV games in January until the conclusion of the Stanley Cup in May. A good many mem-

bers of Connall's troupe are hockey players of one caliber or another themselves, before every broadcast they like to have a game in whatever rink they are broadcasting from. Connall once played for the New York Rovers and hockey continued to absorb him when he wasn't busy covering political conventions, space shots or presidential elections.

"I'll admit that I'm a hockey nut," says Connall. "Our crew consists of people who have a definite feeling for the game. That's why we can do what we do. We try to anticipate what might happen. We try to find out everything we can about the players as individuals and about their styles."

Connall is quick to allow that TV hockey has problems. "Some people have no conception of ice hockey and, to be candid, I sure would have to have to learn the game by watching it on television. The fact is that in the NHL the same people go to all the games. You can go to Boston Garden and see the same people in the same seats for 10 years. Many of the fans we are trying to reach have never had the opportunity to experience an NHL game." There is hope, he thinks, in the large group of youngsters playing hockey in this country. "They're dedicated to the game," Connall says, "and they are going to become tremendous fans in a few years."

The three announcers who do the games for Connall and NBC—Tim Ryan, Brian McFarlane and Ted Lindsay—lend solid credibility to their subject. Ryan and McFarlane have both broadcast hockey in Toronto, where it is the No. 1 sport, and Lindsay's candor is a refreshing. Lindsay, of course, was the game's premier leftwinger with the Detroit Red Wings in the late '40s and the '50s. His career record shows 379 goals scored, more than 30 hours spent in penalty boxes and 760 stitches taken.

The isolation shots NBC gives its audience are another plus. "When the puck goes into the net," says Connall, "I want to see what caused the goal—the defenseman missing the check or the scramble in front of the net. Hockey fans are just as sophisticated about their sport as baseball or football fans are about theirs. We feel that the producer and director should know every bit as much about games and teams as the announcers do. One of our top cameramen is Ray Figelski, who flies in every week from California. Ray plays hockey and loves it. He can somehow stay a skater's step ahead of the action because he knows the game."

Connall and his crew have developed some pretty sophisticated techniques. For instance, when they want to get a commercial on the air, the producer pushes a button that activates an electric chamberband around the waist of the announcer. A mild shock registers on the official's stomach and he starts to look for a point when the action slows down. The interruptions are not as long or as obvious as they are in pro football.

NBC's current position on future hockey telecasts was succinctly stated last week by Carl Lindemann, Vice President, Sports: "We do not care to talk about it at this time." The reason for such standoffishness is, as stated, that this is the final year of the two-year, \$6-million-per-year contract with the NHL, and NBC must decide soon about the one-year option. There is no doubt that some station managers in the South and Southwest don't care for the game, no matter how skillfully broadcast, and would not be disappointed if the option is not renewed. As it is, of NBC's 218 outlets, only 180 take hockey.

In the ratings game, NBA basketball (a CBS presentation) outdraws hockey by about two to one (30 million viewers to 15 million) but this year both sports have declined in terms of numbers because ABC has injected *Son of Wild World* of Sports into its Sunday afternoon programming.

Once Stanley Cup play is concluded, NBC and the NHL will sit down and the network will decide what future hockey may have with it. It will be a pity if their answer is "none."

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Gliding within the oyster

A pearl of a pitcher, Bert Blyleven is fortunate to be encased in an inconspicuous shell; undisturbed, he can add luster to his skills

Bert Blyleven, the Minnesota Twins' 23-year-old pitcher, is throwing off a warmup mound. He works quickly, a tall, husky man with auburn hair, bright blue eyes and the neat, nondescript features of a Tom Seaver. He is taller than Seaver but softer-looking. Still, he throws Seaver-like stuff. A fastball explodes—pop!—in the glove of his catcher, Randy Hundley. Hundley nods and croons softly to himself, "I like it. . . I like it. . ." He returns the ball to Blyleven, who pumps and fires. Pop! "Oh, yeah," Hundley hums with pleasure.

"Bert has a better curveball than Seaver," says Hundley, "and his fastball may be a bit quicker, too." But Blyleven is a copy without the original's shades and textures, without his classical foundation. "Bert's a thrower," says Hundley. "Seaver's a pitcher."

Phil Roof, the Twins' reserve catcher and a nine-year major league veteran, says of Blyleven, "He's got the best curveball in baseball so he hasn't had to rely on pinpoint control and fierce concentration to get by. His stuff gets him by."

So far this season Blyleven's stuff has got him past three opponents but not four others, though his ERA is a fine 2.11. Seaver, meanwhile, has been struggling to regain his form and is 1-4 with a 3.71 ERA.

Rik Aalbert Blyleven is a native of Zeist, Holland who was taken to Canada at the age of 16 months and to Southern California when he was five. He became a major league pitcher at 19. In a span of four years he won 63 games—more than either Seaver or Vida Blue by age 23. Blyleven was the Twins' third-round draft choice in 1969. After appearing in 21 minor league games in less than one full season, he was called up to the major leagues in June of 1970 and won 10 games over the rest of the season. At the same age Seaver was pitching for his junior-college baseball team and Blue was in the minors. In 1971 Blyleven won 16 games. The following year he won 17

and in 1973 he became the 13th-youngest pitcher in baseball history to win 20 games in a season. He started 40 games and completed 25. He led all major league pitchers in shutouts with nine, and among American Leaguers he finished second to Nolan Ryan in strikeouts with 258 and to Jim Palmer in earned run average with 2.52.

Blyleven pitched 125 innings at the same age, 22, at which Blue had pitched 312 amid public clamor that he was being overworked by the Oakland management. There was no such outcry over Blyleven's work load, because his 20-17 record was considerably less flamboyant than Blue's 24-8 in his first full year. Bert's personality tended to discourage attention, not attract it. He did not have Blue's flashing smile, quick wit, boyish innocence and exuberance—all of which had helped make Blue a sensation.

Bert Blyleven is a mild, unobtrusive man who exudes not charm but stolidity. Last year his teammates elected him the Twins' player representative. It was a job he sought, he says, "because it will allow me to build up my education, to learn about owner-player relationships, the pension plan and the retirement plan." Blyleven diligently works out and runs, bowls and plays golf in the off-season. He reads little, occasionally looking into self-help books such as the one written by his minister, Robert Schuller, which promises its readers that "you can be the kind of person you want to be."

Blyleven's pitching success is as unobtrusive as his character. He gets seven or eight strikeouts every game rather than 18 in a burst. He does not have a phenomenal ERA one year, a mediocre ERA the next. Blyleven's have been merely excellent—and are improving (2.82 in '71; 2.73 in '72; 2.52 in '73).

Although his own nature and his career have been understated, it has been to Blyleven's advantage, allowing him to cultivate his craft in privacy. He channels his energies almost entirely into

continued

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pitching. He suffers no external distractions such as those that plucked at Blue.

"I really love pitching," Blyleven says. "It's an art form. Nothing can happen until you deliver the ball, and you can make the batter do whatever you want them to. Whenever I pitch I'm just trying to satisfy myself. I'm not worried about becoming a star or anything like that. My ambition is simple. It's the same as Seaver's. I want to be the greatest pitcher who ever lived."

But Seaver possesses a fiercely passionate desire and the intelligence to profitably channel it. He may be "dull," as he once described himself, but he is purposeful. His "dullness" frees him from public pressures and allows him to cultivate his craft more freely than would otherwise be possible. Blyleven has the same freedom, but whether he has the passion and intelligence to put it to its best use is not yet clear. His pitching coach, Bob Rodgers, says Blyleven is the hardest worker he has ever met. Whether Blyleven will remain only a solidly successful pitcher or become a superstar is problematical. Unquestionably he has the raw ability.

"I've seen a lot of great arms who never succeeded like they should have," says Davey Johnson of the Atlanta Braves. "Bert had one of the best I faced when I was with the Orioles. But then he was more concerned with how hard he threw and how much his curveball broke than anything else. He didn't consistently throw to spots. I never dreaded facing him. I would wait for him to make a mistake and sooner or later he would."

Despite the mistakes he still makes, Blyleven has such overpowering stuff that he is one of the very finest pitchers in the game. Heaven help the batters if he ever becomes perfect.

THE WEEK

(May 3-May 13)

by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST Most of the talk was about 34-year-old Lou Brock, the larcenous Card. Five more stolen bases increased his total to 22, well ahead of Maury Wills' pace when he fished a record 104 in 1962. "The only reason Brock might slow down," said Montreal Manager Gene Mauch, "would be so that he wouldn't hit both doors going into the Hall of Fame." St. Louis was also stealing his from oppos-

ing batters as former Red Sox Lynn McGlothen and John Curtis threw back-to-back shutouts and the Cardinals won three of five Reggie Smith, another Red Sox alumna, was hitting .372 and was league runner-up in RBIs.

New York won four of seven, and Joe Mauer and Jerry Koosman together had just one loss in nine decisions. But Tom Seaver (1-4) and George Stone (0-3) couldn't get going, although the Mets managed to climb to fourth. Perhaps they might have benefited from the mud-expanding experience of Philadelphia Pitchers Dick Ruthven and Jim Lonzberg, whose was led the Phillies into a tie for first. After losing both the Dodgers and Pirates, Ruthven disclosed that he had been a "mental midget" last year as a rookie. "Things would snowball," Ruthven said. "People around here thought I was insane. Now I'm relaxed. No more getting excited." Lonzberg shut out the Pirates 4-0 and credited teammate Steve Carlton for having taught him to think positively.

All Chicago, Montreal and Pittsburgh could thank of was staying above water. The Cubs left 24 men on base in two losses to New York and Burt Hooten's ERA ballooned to 6.62. Pirate pitchers allowed three runs or less in every game but one, but their batters only once had more than six hits. That was when a 14-hit Pirate attack went for nought in a loss to Houston. Montreal's Steve Rogers (5-1) pitched his fourth complete game to beat St. Louis 5-4 and break a 1-9 team slump.

ST. L. 10-14 PHIL. 10-14 MONT. 10-11
NY 13-17 CHI 11-15 PIT 6-18

NL WEST Cincinnati was becoming a bit red-faced, and it wasn't just from chilly temperatures. As the defending champs lost three of four at home and went 21 innings without scoring, Tony Perez was 1 for 14, Joe Morgan 0 for 12, Pete Rose 1 for 12 and Dave Concepcion 2 for 11. Even when the Reds got it together, it fell apart. Fred Norman struck out 13 Cardinals but deprived himself of a possible win when he threw wildly to first, the Cardinals taking that game 1-0. As a further embarrassment, two Riverfront spectators ran around the infield and another knocked the wind out of umpire Stan Davidson by hitting him in the back with a can of beer. "We've got a club that doesn't play well in bad weather," said Manager Sparky Anderson. "The Dodgers go home from spring training, have good weather and good pitching and are off and running."

He seemed to have a point. In the chill, moist East for a few games, Los Angeles landed Philadelphia a series when Mike Marshall walked home two runs in the ninth inning. Rained out twice in Montreal, the Dodgers returned to California and swept

three straight, the win streak was Don Sutton's 6-0, one-hit shutout of San Diego.

Tom Griffin's one-hitter and four-hitter, and three timely drives by league batting leader Greg Gross against the Reds helped keep Houston in second with a 3-3 week. San Francisco won six of seven, getting complete games from Mike Caldwell and Tom Bradley, and took third. The bad news was talk of trading Bobby Bonds.

With a circus coming to Atlanta Stadium, the Braves had a step on the clowns. A ball hit by the Giants' Garry Maddux struck a clump of dirt, hopped over the glove of First Baseman Frank Tepedino and beat the Braves 5-4. Next day the Braves erred four times in an 8-7 loss to the Giants.

"The Padres will draw 30,000 when they get home," said a San Diego writer while viewing a game in New York's Shea Stadium. This was in the ninth inning as the Padres were on the verge of sweeping a doubleheader from the Mets. Alan, New York's Ken Boswell singled home a run to send the game into extra innings and John Mauer won it for the Mets, 6-4, with a two-run homer in the 11th. Nevertheless 18,486 were on hand in San Diego stadium to witness a homecoming shakedown by the Dodgers.

LA 22-9 HOUS 20-12 SF 10-14
CIN 13-14 ATL 13-15 SD 14-20

AL EAST The Orioles were not making sense. There was Brooks Robinson, no terror at the plate the last couple of years, batting .327. There was Brooks Robinson the Golden Glove—with seven errors. There was Ross Gransley, survivor of a bleak spring training, beating Oakland 9-3 in his third complete game. And there was Mike Cuellar, who wumps up with the weather, defeating the A's 6-3. "Cuellar is our stopper," said Manager Earl Weaver in wonderment. "In Oakland. In May." The Orioles gratefully accepted four victories and moved into second.

In Milwaukee there was little to be thankful for. The Brewers were head to head with Buckle up! three times, played in miserable weather and suffered with 20-game winner Jim Colborn in his agonizing slump. A 1-3 record, 7.29 ERA and a diminishing fastball have reduced him to talking about "mental toughness." The Brewers fell into last place 11 days after they were in first.

New York supposedly traded away its pitching in that April 26 deal with Cleveland. Still, the Yanks clung to first because Dick Tidrow, the one pitcher they got in return, won twice. Three of the four mound men New York parted with excelled for the Indians. Tom Buskey and Fred Boone pitched sound relief and Fritz Peterson won as Cleveland took four of seven.

Boston television viewers complained to station WRZ that the last-place Red Sox were

pre-empting better shows, e.g., *The Little House on the Prairie*. There wasn't much the Red Sox could do about that but win—four of six to rise to fifth. Bill Lee maintained his flawless (6-0) record against New York with a 4-0 win, first shutout of the season for the vaunted Boston pitching staff.

When Detroit Pitcher Larnie LaGrow lost to Minnesota on April 23, he grouched, "That's not the last 1-0 game I'm going to lose this season." On May 7 he lost to the White Sox by the same score on Ed Herrmann's 11th-inning homer.

NY 10-10 BAL 15-12 CLEV 15-12
DET 14-14 BOS 14-16 MIL 11-12

AL WEST While Texas struggled through a losing, but not disappointing week (page 28), another longshot, California, stayed in contention despite winning only twice. The Angels moved to within three percentage points of division-leading Chicago when Nolan Ryan set down Kansas City 2-1 on four hits. Going in, Ryan had a disappointing 3-3 record and 5.37 ERA. When a photographer pointed out that he was not bringing his arm down as he used to on his follow-through, he adjusted and, among other improvements, struck out 10 Royals. Another apt learner, Wilbur Wood of the White Sox, watched himself on a videotape machine, saw a flaw in his stride, corrected it and beat Detroit 1-0 for his first shutout since May 28, 1973. Additional news from the classroom: Chicago's Terry Forster was taught a screwball by teammate Jim Kaat and blanked the Tigers over 8½ innings.

Was there no pitcher who could just rear back and throw? Yes, there was—Kansas City's Marty Pottin. After beating Texas 6-1 for his first win of the year, he said, "I've been trying too much fancy stuff, so I went back to what got me where I am, throwing spikes." In one four-inning stretch he threw nothing but. "I've been at pro baseball 24 years," said Texas Manager Billy Martin, "and I've never seen anything like that." Believing went with seeing as the Royals won three straight.

Minnesota's 14-4 record against Oakland last year helped make the Twins a respectable 500 team. Came the first series of 1974 against the disrespectful A's, and the Twins dropped two straight. Vida Blue finally won a game for Oakland—7-3 over Baltimore—and said, "That was important for my head. After four losses, you wonder whether you're still alive." Deron Johnson, who had missed two weeks because of a hand injury, belted three homers and helped the A's to a 4-3 week. Then Reggie Jackson spoiled the celebration by pulling a hamstring.

CHI 14-12 CAL 16-18 TEX 16-16
OAK 10-15 KC 13-15 MINN 12-14



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HOTSHOT among the nation's collegians in DeLand was Steve Lieberman of Arizona State.

On hand for the two-day shootout at distances ranging from 120 to 230 feet were representatives of 39 colleges, testimony to the growth of the sport. Collegiate archery sprouted in the '30s, then faded away with the advent of World War II. Now it is back.

At many schools, though, it is a club sport. Because of this and cutbacks in athletic budgets, quite a few teams had to raise their own money to get to DeLand. They sold stationery and Christmas cards, washed cars and raffled off everything from old shoes to water beds.

As impressive as the recent growth and vigor of the sport has been, the evolution of archery equipment is even more remarkable. Stabilizers—metal rods and weights that steady and balance the bow—have been developed. Clickers, which signal the proper moment to release the arrow, have come into wide use. And kisser buttons? They are attachments fastened to the bowstring, when the string is drawn back properly, they fit between the archer's lips.

A few years ago a woman offhandedly accepted a college coaching job, believing archery was as simple as baking cake. As soon as she inspected her team's equipment, she resigned. "The stuff they use is unsafe," she explained. "Why, they don't even have suction cups on the arrows." The equipment most assuredly is nothing like that found at a children's summer camp.

The least exotic gear at last week's tournament was an antique lampstand used by Tim Hyde of Atlantic Community College in Mays Landing, N.J. Unlike other archers, who mounted telescopes on tripods so they could see exactly where their arrows hit, Hyde taped his scope to a lampstand.

At 8 a.m. on Friday the tournament festivities commenced with the teams marching onto the archery range, which otherwise serves as a soccer field. Since there was no band to provide martial music, the archers improvised, whistling Sousa numbers. Bob Ryder, the defending champion from Madison College in Harrisonburg, Va., did not participate in the parade because the previous week he had broken his left ankle when, he explained, "I tripped over my stupidity."

He had stepped in a hole while chasing a friend who had doused him with water.

More trouble loomed ahead for Ryder. Early in the competition the aluminum handgrip on his bow shattered while he was shooting. But his fellow competitors rallied round, offering help and spare equipment. Ryder borrowed a bow from Don Rabska of San Bernardino (Calif.) Valley College, one of the few accorded a chance of taking Ryder's title. Time was called while archers fixed the bow as best they could to suit Ryder's particular needs. Using pliers, screwdrivers, parts stripped from the broken bow and pieces of their own gear, they provided him with a ready-to-shoot weapon. "Hey, I appreciate this," he kept saying, obviously moved.

Such sportsmanship is the rule in archery. "A couple of weeks ago at the Philadelphia Invitational a guy had bow trouble," Ryder recalled, "and the officials wouldn't give him the time he needed to find new equipment, so the other archers stepped off the shooting line and began unstringing their bows, ready to go home. Winning wasn't that important. Finally the officials relented and the tournament continued."

It normally takes days for an archer to become accustomed to a bow, but on his second try with the borrowed weapon Ryder shot a 10-point gold. He continued to perform well, but his bad ankle and a slow start were too much to overcome. He finished third, three notches ahead of Rabska, his benefactor.

Because of numerous delays, Friday's competition did not end until nearly 8:30 p.m. By that time the sun had sunk behind the oak trees festooned with Spanish moss and archers were taking their shots in the gloaming. Tim Hyde even flicked on the battery-operated bulb in his lampstand.

When each entrant had fired the last of his 150 arrows on Friday, the leader by four points in the men's division was Kevin Erlandson of San Bernardino. Erlandson has a mustache, bushy sideburns and a belly that overhangs his belt. On Saturday there were 72 shots to be taken and after the first six Erlandson lost his lead. He never regained it and finally finished fourth.

That narrowed the contenders to 23-year-old Rick Stonebraker, a freshman at Penn State's Altoona campus, and 21-

Robin Hood would quiver

... and even quail at the sight of today's bows and bowmen

Last week was an odd one in Florida. A man was named mother of the year in Hardee County, the love bug was nominated for the title of state insect, and in DeLand the citizens were being lectured on cosmic attack. Instead, the town was being invaded by a horde armed with torque flight stabilizers, clickers and kisser buttons. In all, there were 172 invaders. Their goal: to make off with the gold at the U.S. Intercollegiate Archery Championships held at Stetson University. The gold they were after was in the center ring of their targets.

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year-old Steve Lieberman of Arizona State. Stonebraker is a free spirit who used to work as a chimney and tower climber. "I climbed a 400-foot radio tower once to change a light bulb," he said. "Got \$100 for an hour's work. The highest I ever went was when I climbed a chimney on top of a building in Ashtabula, Ohio. That was 550 feet. I like it up there. It's peaceful and quiet, and the air is clean."

Stonebraker's life on terra firma has been anything but peaceful. The Navy veteran has been bitten by a rattlesnake, stabbed and, just a few weeks ago, was threatened with a .357 Magnum in a case of mistaken identity.

Most archers brought dozens of arrows to Stetson. Not Stonebraker. "I brought six," he said. "They're slightly bent, but they know their way to the target." They certainly did. Finishing strongly, Stonebraker came in second, 21 points behind Lieberman, who reclaimed the title he won in 1971 and 1972.

The worst moment in Lieberman's career came at the Olympic Trials in 1972 when he seemed to have a spot on the team locked up and then inexplicably lost his form. He has won numerous events before and since. In 1970 Lieberman took the world field archery championship, in which the targets are located in the woods. "That was in Wales," he said. "They allowed the sheep to wander wherever they wanted. It rained the morning the tournament started and I slipped and landed in some, ah, sheep excrement. Then I shot my first two arrows into a tree and was totally depressed. But I went on to win." He also won the Challenge Benedictine in France in '71 and '73, an event for the world's best archers in both field and target shooting.

Arizona State's Carol Jurn, who had been second, fourth and second the past three years, won the women's title in Deland. San Bernardino's string of three straight men's team titles was ended by the Sun Devils, but the Californians did take women's team honors.

The host school was named after John B. Stetson, the hat manufacturer. In the six previous intercollegiates, no Hatter had ever placed higher than 17th, but in Deland, Stetson got a third and ninth in the women's division. When the last shot had been fired it was hats off—Stetsons, that is—to all the archers for a tournament that really clicked.

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Set to go at Pimlico

**Cannonade, fresh from the Derby,
is on target for the Preakness**

Having survived the unholy bedlam at the 100th running of the Kentucky Derby, the 3-year-olds move this Saturday to Pimlico in Baltimore for phase two of the Triple Crown. Since this is only the 95th running of the Preakness, we may be able to settle for fewer people, fewer horses and a little less excitement. For instance, the question of splitting the field—practically a national crisis before the Derby—has already been answered by Pimlico's pragmatic Chick Lang. If more than 15 horses enter, Lang said, the Preakness will be split into two races, each with \$150,000 added. This gave rise to obvious quips: If Cannonade, the Kentucky Derby winner, finishes first in his division of the Preakness, will that mean he has a leg and a half on the Triple Crown?

As the days to post time dwindled, the chance of twin Preaknesses remained strong. Eight of the Derby field, including Cannonade, Hudson County, who finished a strong second, J. R.'s Pet (4th), Little Current (5th), Destroyer (6th) and Buck's Bid (7th) were expected to be on hand, as were Rube the Great, an unimpressive 10th at Louisville, and Sharp Gary (13th). Agitate, third in the Derby, has been returned to California, while the favored Judger, who was bounced around in the heavy traffic and ended up a disappointing eighth, will cool it a bit after his rough time in Kentucky and will wait for the Jersey Derby and the Belmont Stakes.

Joining the Derby-tested horses at Pimlico are several others whose owners hope to pull off a surprise. It has happened before in the Preakness. Non-Derby starter Greek Money upset favored Rodan and Derby winner Decidedly in 1962, and two years ago Riva Ridge, who won both the Derby and the Belmont, was a beaten fourth behind Bee

Bee Bee. Del Carroll, who trained Bee Bee Bee, has a possible starter in Better Arbitor, another son of Better Bee. The veteran Downey Bonnell hoped to send out Bushongo, who beat both Cannonade and Judger in the Flamingo but pulled up lame in the pre-Derby Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland. However, it would have taken a super achievement to bring Bushongo back to a peak so soon, and after an unimpressive work he was withdrawn.

A colt who will run is Heir to the Line, who won the mile-and-a-sixteenth Preakness Prep at Pimlico last Saturday. Heir to the Line is a son of Derby and Preakness winner Majestic Prince, out of a Bold Ruler mare named Borderline. This was Heir to the Line's fourth victory in five starts this year, and he could be coming into his own. Having the feel of the track won't hurt, either. The astute Kearny Noe, racing secretary in New York, says, "I can't get away from the feeling that a race over the track at Pimlico helps a lot before going into a major stakes like the Preakness." If that is so, keep an eye on All Game, second in the Preakness Prep ahead of Jelly John and Bold and Fancy Five of All Game's 10 races have been at Pimlico. And remember that Cannonade, who won each of his three efforts at Churchill Downs, will be making his first start on the Baltimore track.

Says Skip Shapoff, trainer of Hudson County, who has not run at Pimlico, either, "There probably is an advantage in having a race over any track, Pimlico included, but with a colt like Hudson County, who runs well on all tracks, it may not be important. I'll tell you this: If Cannonade does not run back to his Derby form and we do, Hudson County will be tough to beat. He's quick and shifty, always runs gamely and has never been out of the money."

Nonetheless, there is no reason to believe that Cannonade won't go off the favorite, and he is a deserving one. His trainer, Woody Stephens, thinking about a divided race, says, "Cannonade showed what he could do in the biggest of all Derby fields, but if it's a split race—well, if you think you've got the best horse, you want the smallest field possible, and Cannonade is coming up to this one like a tiger. He's ready again."

That should be enough to win at least half of the 99th Preakness, if not the whole thing. **END**



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There are eternal questions and there are ephemeral questions—for \$50 your local Indian fakir will confirm that statement. Of the eternal: Was Dostoevsky on red or black when he was wiped out for the last time at the tables of Baden-Baden? What does a woman want? asked Freud. What does a man want a woman to want? asked Mrs. Freud. Did Bela Lugosi sleep in the nude? And while we are on the subject, what about Spring Byington? Of the ephemeral questions—fast becoming eternal as of last week—who stole 144,000 golf balls from the Uniroyal company in Providence? And why?

All answers must be begun at the beginning. It is a cold, moonless Sunday night in late February in Providence, the kind of night that drove Ishmael into the embrace of the Spouter Inn. It is not a

night fit for soulful robbery. Besides, it is well known in Providence that all sensitive robbers spend Sundays home with the family, enjoying a comforting pork roast, snoozing and then watching *The FBI* before retiring.

With a few variations—martinis, lamb with a bottle of crisp white wine, and then some bridge—the Uniroyal executives also are far off the madding pace. But those executive Sunday blues seem to persist, an unreasonable sense of dread pervades. And why not, what with the mess down in Washington, what with the paroxysms of Wall Street, the age of consumer survival kits and wisecracking fops like Truman Capote denigrating the middle class and its lawn sprinklers.

Come the next morning, Monday, the world is brighter. First some coffee, positively no headlines; thank only good

thoughts like, say, all those golf balls, those lovely spheres of eventual torment still sleeping in the warehouse. Ah, soon it will be a Uniroyal world once again. The weather seems warmer already, and shortly the whole God-fearing, right-thinking U.S. of A. will be in pursuit of our ball. Imagine. Thousands of our little devils out across the country looking for an identity, a life of their own, having a mind of their own on the greens; mocking and baring their teeth in sand pits; swimming joyously in streams; swooping through the air like berserk doves, and only sometimes going where someone wants them to go.

The phone rings. The conversation might have gone like this:

"Hello."

"Mornin', boss. Kokheh here, down at the plant."

"Kokheh?"

"Yeah, boss. Seems we got a problem. Can't get into the loading area."

"How 'bout trying the key, dummy?"

"Heyyyy now, boss. Watch that dummy stuff, O.K.? The key won't work on the lock."

"What? What? The key...?"

Later that same day Colonel Walter A. McQueeney, chief of police in Providence, calls up from Florida, where he is recuperating from an illness: "What's new?"

"Golf balls, Chief."

"Whaddaya mean, golf balls?"

He hears the report. Silence. Then: "Wait a minute, now. You mean to tell me that somebody drove right through the gate, loaded 144,000 golf balls, and nobody saw them?"

Yep, Chief, it was that simple. Between 4:30 p.m. on Sunday and 7:30 a.m. on Monday, with a guard on duty, a person or persons unknown, absconded with 144,000 golf balls—America's finest, so says the company. The loss is \$180,000, a sum that places it right up there with two other sporting robberies of recent years.

Ordinarily, thieves tend to ignore sports, perhaps because of their own interest and enthusiasm for them. But when they do turn toward sports, they are brilliantly selective. In 1969, for instance, there occurred what became commonly known as the Brooklyn Delicatessen Caper. It was there, underneath the elevated tracks, that \$1.3 million in coin and used bills vanished from an armored truck on

continued



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GOLF *continued*

its way from Aqueduct Racetrack to the bank. The guards on the truck favored this delicatessen, especially for its Braunschweiger and cheese-on-rye with a slice of Bermuda onion. On this day, one of them went in for a sandwich and came back with a .38 at each ear.

By comparison, the robbery of a bus filled with horseplayers on its way to Delaware Park seems small potato salad. Yet it was not without elementary logic. Who is going to put the hit on a horseplayer after he leaves the track?

Not much creativity, though, is visible in the Uniroyal number—until you think for a moment. "It was very unimaginative," says Chief McQueeneey, slightly aggravated about it all. Yes, so it would seem, but as all those who snicker at the bumbling Dr. Watson ought to recall, the obvious appears obvious only after somebody has done it.

Ingenuity and mystery are the vital elements for any consideration of artistry that may be given to a robbery. After all, any dull-witted slug can grab a gun, terrorize customers or take a hostage in trying to knock over a bank; the bank genre is particularly low and laughable these days. In the case of the missing golf balls at Uniroyal, there is no terror, no guns, all of it is as clean as a cuttle bone in a canary cage. The police only know how it was done.

They—a minimum of three—presumably came through the Uniroyal front gate, made their way up to the storage area by a freight elevator, cut a lock and went to work. Using an electric forklift they moved each skid of balls (14 in all) to the elevator, where they were loaded and taken to the shipping platform one floor down. Here they were put on the truck, skids included. Officials say there is reason to believe the complete operation took an hour, more or less.

Roughly 48 by 37 miles at its extreme boundaries, the whole state of Rhode Island could be stolen in an hour. But 144,000 golf balls? Time, it appears, was of no consequence, and most likely the burglary took much longer than an hour, which brings one right down to the matter of exercising good taste. The burglars picked only top-grade Royal Plus 6, which retailed for \$1.25 each (now \$1.35) and are guaranteed to give a golfer the longest flight in the land.

Not without a sense of humor, the plant superintendent agreed that the flight of these golf balls was one to be re-

membered. "It's embarrassing, though," he says. Especially so when one considers the high-security reputation of Uniroyal.

The company is wary of spies who may be looking to pry away whatever secrets Uniroyal thinks it has, no face is a familiar or trustful face. "It's an old-line, tough, conservative outfit," says McQueeneey. "It's like working in a bank vault out there. Best security I've ever seen. They catch an employee with two, three balls in his pocket, he's fired on the spot."

The chief himself is not without criminal cheeks either. "Why, we have one of the highest apprehension rates in the country," he says. "But this has been a long and tedious case with a lot of men on it, not to mention the state police. We've even sent men out of town. All those golf balls. I don't like it one bit. Can you imagine!"

That, of course, is the mystery. It is one thing to steal 144,000 golf balls, but what do you do with them afterward? Fencing this amount of golf balls in Rhode Island is like trying to fit Moby Dick into a fish tank. Also, the longer they are immobile, say, in a warehouse, the probability of discovery of burglars and balls increases. So the crucial part of this heist was the advance preparation for disposal by bulk for a quick return. Chances are the balls have been sold at \$4 or \$5 a dozen (they retail at \$15) and are now being whacked about on cruise ships and in South America.

Chief McQueeneey thinks otherwise. He thinks they may still be in the state. If so, the crooks ought to be put in the slammer for congenital idiocy alone; how long can you conceal seven tons of anything in Rhode Island? Which leaves the ultimate question: Who hooked them? Who knows?

How about organized crime? You know, the whole thing plotted over a glorious fettuccini in some obscure restaurant. Quite possible, says the chief, for the mob has the distribution reach. Uniroyal is of a different opinion. It believes the burglary was the work of amateurs, that it might have been done by former employees who knew every detail about the plant. This theory paints a picture in the mind. Since food always seems to color crime stories, try imagining this: all of them at McDonald's working out the details over a Big Mac; it has a nice middle-class ring to it.

END

Go ahead, sell your own home, you riverboat gambler, you.

You might get lucky and save a buck or two.

A lot of folks have tried to sell their own homes and succeeded. A lot more have just tried.

Most people realize that selling your own home can be a costly, time-consuming, even risky affair. And unless you're just naturally lucky, you need the help of a professional Realtor. He can save you a lot of time and headaches. For a lot of good reasons.

If you're thinking about selling your own home, maybe you should consider some of them.

What's your price?

The first thing a Realtor can do for you is recommend a fair and reasonable asking price.

Do it yourself and you will probably ask too much or too little. Either way, you lose.

And don't be fooled by the belief you know pretty well what your home is worth. Market demand, seasonality of sales, location and many other variables often alter your home's value.

A skilled Realtor knows all about these things. Most important, he knows people.

Don't talk to strangers.

If you love talking to strange people at strange hours, by all means sell your home yourself. That "For Sale by Owner" sign in your front yard means you're fair game for everyone—even those passersby who "just kinda wanted to see what the place looked like."

That sign may not get all the prospects you want, either. You may have to advertise. And that means phone calls at all hours.

A Realtor can solve these problems. First of all, he will screen the prospects. He'll know their needs, desires and financial situation. And

he'll know who is seriously looking for a new home and who is just looking.

Best of all, he'll show your house only when it's convenient for you.

That beautiful art.

Okay, tiger. You're selling your own home. You know the needs and desires of your prospective buyers. And you know what to say, how to present your home to convince them. Right?

Wrong.

Realtors are trained in the art of salesmanship. (And believe us, it is an art.) His study of sales techniques has shown him how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind; how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out.

After all, selling is what it's all about.

Formal negotiations.

What happens when a prospective buyer makes you an offer—one that's well below your asking price?

You're going to argue. And that's the worst thing you could do.

As a principal, you'll discover it's pretty hard to bargain with a buyer—to negotiate about such things as price, terms and possessions. Misunderstandings may crop up. And those small disagreements can spoil a sale.

When a Realtor helps sell your home, he takes on the difficult task of negotiation. He's sort of a go-between and advisor. And he's objective. He'll tell you when the buyer is right. And he'll tell you when to stick to your guns.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over, or completely avoid, those sales-killing misunderstandings.

How to shop for money.

Many prospective buyers don't know much about financing—how or where to get a mortgage.

Sell your home yourself, and there's not much you can do to help him.

A Realtor knows just about all there is to know about financing. He works very closely with all kinds of financial institutions. He knows their methods and requirements.

Very simply, he can help your buyer find the money he needs to buy your house.

Red tape.

Selling a house involves many details. Paperwork, title searches, finance arrangements. There are a hundred little things to be done.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through the tangle of details as painlessly and safely as possible.

Be it ever so humble.

Crowded closets may make a home look lived in, but it doesn't do much for a prospective buyer. Neither does a dripping faucet, unkempt lawn or loose doorknob.

There are dozens of little things you can do to make your house more saleable. A Realtor can show them to you. (Some of them would never have occurred to you.)

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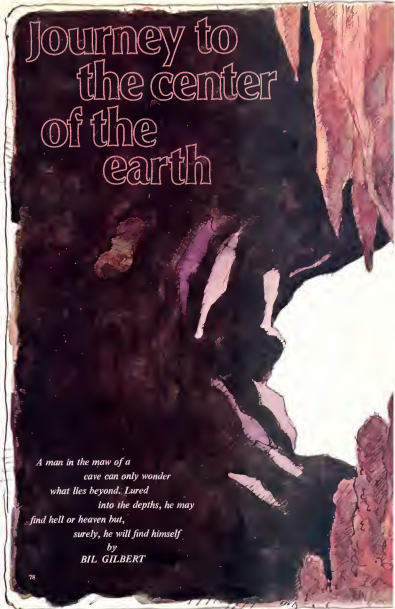


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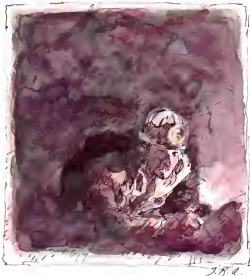
CONTINUED

Bath and Highland counties in Virginia and Pocahontas, Pendleton and Grant in West Virginia run together, a wild mountainous section that for promotional purposes has been called the Switzerland of America or God's Country. Within these highlands rise seeps and springs that feed the Potomac, James and Ohio rivers.

The tract has been settled for almost 200 years, but there remain large unoccupied sections, and the overall character of the area is distinctly rural. It is a place of small towns and villages (Petersburg, W. Va. with 3,000 people is the largest community in the five counties), small farms (beef-grazing is the principal business) and small roads (west of Interstate 81 there is not another superhighway for 200 miles). This pattern of light, irregular settlement is dictated by the nature of the land. There are long ridges studded with peaks and knobs, cut by river canyons and locked valleys. There is heavy forest—Appalachian jungle growth of hardwood, hemlock, pine, rhododendron, laurel, greenbrier, grape and ivy. Early settlers simply lived around these obstacles. Technology for flattening them now exists but the rough country remains, often it seems because people are in the habit of living with it.

Purists might object to these highlands being called a wilderness, but then wilderness is a relative term. There is in nature no wilderness as there is wetness, dryness, coldness, a delta, a desert, an ice pack. Wilderness can only be defined in terms of man—that is, a place which has only lightly and not too obviously been used by him. How much human activity denies a place wilderness status is a matter of taste. There are some preserves set aside by law and patrolled by rangers that are much more wards of man than the privately owned highlands.

As a small example, there is a ravine 30 feet deep and 20 feet wide that has been cut through limestone for a quarter of a mile by a big spring flowing to a tributary of the Potomac River. The ravine is hidden by enormous hemlocks. In a few places where light filters through, there are patches of watercress and cardinal flower. The mini-canyon is plastered with mosses and liverworts. On a face of rock near where the water flows



out of the mountain there is a beautiful bed of walking ferns. This is a curious plant. It has slender fronds, much the shape and size of a bullfrog's tongue, which grow in graceful arches. Where the tips curve to touch the ground they take root and send up new plants. The walking fern is perhaps the rarest fern in the Eastern mountains. It is finicky about growing, needing limestone, shelter and stable conditions of light, humidity and ground moisture. These ferns are better indicators than any legislative act or rustic sign that this ravine is wilderness.

The ravine divides two pastures of a farm owned by a family that settled there in 1797. The ravine was never timbered because it was not worth the trouble of cutting and dragging the hemlock out over the sharp water-pitted limestone. In the thicket there is little in the way of forage to attract cattle. Also the limestone has eroded into a series of knife-edged ledges, as full of holes as Swiss cheese. These act as a natural cattle guard. The ravine survived for a long time because it was too much bother to remove or reduce it. Now it is kept because it is of spe-

cial value to the owners and a few others. The family picks watercress from the pools. Every now and then somebody walks up the ravine to admire the rock sculpture and the walking ferns or just because it is a nice place. An elderly member of the family says that on a hot summer day the ravine is more comfortable than any air-conditioned bank building he has ever been in.

In the highlands there are a good many places like the Walking Fern Ravine, which, if not wilderness, are treated as such. It is good country for rock climbers, white-water canoeists and cavers. There are some traditional spots where climbing cliffs overlook fast white-water streams, and here on a Saturday morning 30 or 40 pickups, campers, vans, 4WD vehicles and an occasional Triumph may gather from as many as 10 states. Enthusiasts of this sort may leave work on Friday afternoon and drive through the night to the highlands for a weekend of climbing or paddling. The highlands are a great place to learn these sports, but once they are mastered the region does not provide ultimate tests.

For spelunkers, however, the situation is different. There is fine caving country elsewhere, but the best and most varied caving is in the limestone mountains of the two Virginias. The highlands are honeycombed with caverns, grading upward in difficulty to places like Schoolhouse, Grapevine and Butler, which because of their beauty and risks are regarded as classic American holes in the ground.

There once was a cabin on the Bullpasture River in the highlands that was used as a kind of spelunking headquarters. Some weekends 50 people would use the cabin as a base. I remember one morning waking to find a Yale student hunched over a notebook, apparently having written through the night. "I cannot sleep when I am near caves," he said. "I am making entries in my journal."

Here are some made not long ago in mine.

PANCAKE'S CAVE

Caves are often named after the families on whose property an entrance is located. Pancake is a common name in the highlands. However, this particular cave is not located on Pancake land and the name given here is fictitious. (This deception and others used later are to make it more difficult to find the caves. Anyone looking for a cave or a bird or a walking fern will tend to respect it more if he must exercise a little ingenuity to find it, rather than having it located like a Holiday Inn in a guidebook.)

Friends took me to Pancake's Cave the first winter I spelunked. Since then I have returned every few years. The cave is medium-sized (about a mile and a half of passages) and of medium difficulty, providing some interesting crawls and scenery. Any reasonably active person can get through the main passages, but there are optional routes where rope, some skill and self-control are necessary.

The small entranceway is covered by a locked iron plate, the posts of which are set in the solid rock. The owner, J. W. Pancake, covered the entrance many years ago, not to be difficult but as an informal conservation measure. To explore the cave it is necessary to stop by the Pancake farmhouse and get the key, which J. W. sometimes withholds from those who strike him as being in-

sufficiently experienced or responsible. It is a good system since it saves the cave from casual vandals and leg-breakers, and also gives people an excuse for talking with J. W., which is good for anybody. J. W. has a dog that waves goodbye to visitors, bees that deposit their comb and honey directly in glass jars, three of the most responsive saddle horses you will see outside the Spanish Riding School and a handful of clever inventions. J. W. is getting on in years but remains cheerful and entertaining and leaves one feeling better about our species.

Even the foyer, if you want to call it that, of Pancake's Cave has always seemed a pleasant place. It is an open pit, which long ago was probably part of the cave proper. The pit is overhung with the branches of big oaks and maples, which grow on the rim. Water seeps down the rocky sides and forms tiny pools where it is not uncommon to surprise deer drinking. The sides of the pit slope inward. At the very bottom, disappearing under the rock wall, is the small hole through which the cave is entered. The whole arrangement is like an enlarged model of one of the funnels that ant bees dig in the sand to trap insects. Because caves, too, can find themselves trapped, they are often asked, "Why do you do it?" The cool answer is, "Because it's there," which is not a totally false response but one that has been given so often that nothing more sensible seems possible. Caving is as explicable as, say, gambling, sightseeing or making friends.

It is a less common activity than any of these, but like so many entertainments it is an attempt to find stimulation and pleasure by satisfying certain common urges.

Abstract curiosity, for example, is one of the definitive characteristics of mankind, a spur for all sorts of activities from philosophy to space travel. Spelunking may be only a trivial entry well down the list of things for which curiosity is responsible, but it is one. Take my last trip into Pancake's with a group of six. I had been down the entrance tunnel a dozen times. Terry had made the trip three times. The other five had not been there before but had heard about the place from us and had been in other caves. The point is that our curiosity was not virgin. Nevertheless, sitting in the pit, readying our carbide lights, adjusting hard hats, the small hole staring downward into the darkness was physically and psychologically the dominant feature of the landscape; it probably would be for 999 out of 1,000 people.

Like a river, horizon or mountain top, a hole in the ground stimulates curiosity. Primitive or civilized, young or old, brave or timid, it is almost impossible for a human to discover a hole and not wonder where it leads, what is down there. Having found the hole, there are many reasons why a man may decide to let it be—it is too small, it may contain poisoned air, snakes or trolls, the man had no light or time. However, if he passes it by, he is going to hurt a little because he

continued

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CAVES continued

could not or would not satisfy his curiosity. This is the elemental reason for caving—to experience the joy that comes from giving in to a deep urge. There almost never is a practical reason for going into a cave. The odds are very long against finding love, wealth or a good meal at the bottom of the hole. Caving is pure hedonism.

The entrance tunnel to Pancake's Cave descends sharply for half a dozen body lengths and then opens up into a wide, level passage that gently slopes into the mountain for a quarter of a mile. It makes a very nice entrance hall, a kind of decompression chamber in reverse. Without worrying about climbing, balancing or falling through a crevice, you can saunter along for a few minutes getting adjusted to underground peculiarities, the most obvious of which are darkness and silence. There is no light except that cast by the carbide flame of the head lamp, and except for an occasional drip of water and the noise one makes moving along, no sound. This is soothing because of the sharp reduction in number and variety of stimuli customarily bombarding our senses above ground. And because the stimuli are drastically cut back, the senses seem to deal more efficiently with them. You are hypersensitive to the shape of a stone under your foot, knowing immediately when and how it moves or gives and being very conscious of what this may mean. Uncommon awareness is one of the delights of caving.

The entrance passage ends abruptly, pinching down to a slit that disappears under the base of a tilted slab of limestone. This slit leads into a 100-foot crawlspace. Crawling is the essential mode of travel in caves. In some places one must crawl on all fours like an infant. But there are other passages too small for this, where one must flatten out on the belly or back and lever forward on one's elbows like an awkward snake.

When they first go spelunking, four out of five people experience a certain amount of fright and panic, which for lack of a better word might be called claustrophobia. Most often it strikes in crawlspace. Pressed against rock on all sides, inching ahead into absolute darkness under God only knows how many tons of mountain, it is almost impossible not to wonder if whoever built the cave was a careful workman and had the

continued



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Caves continued

services of a good structural engineer.

Cave fright takes various outward forms: babbling, grim silence, sweats (both hot and cold), cursing, hysteria and involuntary rigidity. I remember one woman setting off on her first weekend of caving. Before the descent, she made some of us uneasy by talking far too much about how she knew she was going to love caving. About 50 feet into the first crawlway she began to whimper. At the next tight spot she froze as solid as an airline dinner. It was pointed out that bigger bodies than hers had gone ahead and that there were others behind who could not possibly advance unless she moved. None of this good counsel was effective. Therefore, the man directly behind the rigid lady took her legs and began to wriggle backward, trying to drag Ms. Muffet out of her tuffet. Her rescuer tugged so hard that the girl's buckles and buttons popped and her jeans ended up around her knees. She instantly regained the use of her limbs and in fact began to scoot backward so smartly that the spelunkers behind her were almost crushed. Coming to a place where she could rise, she did so, drew up her pants and asked to be escorted to the entrance. She was. The moral is that cultural concerns—in this case, modesty—can affect behavior as powerfully as innate fears, such as claustrophobia.

The first crawlway in Panake's Cave is a snug, squeeze-and-lever operation. It ends at the base of a 10-foot dry well, which must be climbed in order to get to an upper level where the passage continues. Chimneys are vertical crawlways, but this one comes at a good place, allowing one to stretch one's legs while climbing. After a bit the upper passage degenerates into a formation that spelunkers have named the Snakehole, although it is more a narrow crack between two smooth faces of limestone. At the top the crack is two feet wide, but it tapers downward so that at the bottom there is only six inches between the walls of rock. The only way to get through is to raise oneself, push-up fashion, to the top of the fissure. There, with back and butt pressed against the roof, you must suspend yourself, face, feet and hands dangling uselessly in the crevice, and press the rest of your body against the walls. Then you must squirm forward alternately shifting shoulders and hips, all the while staring at the narrows below.

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thinking if you slip you will remain forever wedged between the two walls like a rusty axle in a chunk of oak. Well into the Snakehole another comforting fact becomes apparent: it is almost impossible to wriggle backward.

Long ago, some hero came to the entrance of the Snakehole for the first time and thought it might lead somewhere—it does; two-thirds of Pancake's Cave lies beyond—and ventured ahead. This act took enormous curiosity and may have provided about as much pleasure as the average man can stand.

Nobody is small enough to get through the Snakehole easily and for many it is a hard, scary trip. Naturally, those who have made it take delight in describing the place to those who have not yet been there. Veterans enjoy letting rookies go first while they sit around listening to their agony, giving advice and encouragement. In our party Beth and Sam were the biggest rookies, both six-footers or better. However, both are young and strong. There was some disbelieving palaver when the entrance to the Snakehole was pointed out, but they figuratively spat on their hands and did what had to be done. Mary Jane is not very big but she has spread out and softened since taking a newspaper job in Kansas. She came out of the Snakehole headfirst, red in the face, rock-burned but feisty.

"How did you like it?"

"First I was furious at you for getting me in there, sitting around waiting for me to squeak. Then I thought I couldn't make it. I wanted to squeak. My head knew I could make it if I got hold of myself. I did and now, if you must know, I feel quite good about myself."

Almost everyone has enough body (or more accurately not too much) to make the Snakehole. But the problem is not having a great body but coping with the one you have. It is a matter of grabbing yourself by the ears and saying, "Baby, behave. It is spooky but that is no excuse for choking. I am in charge here and you are going to do it my way."

Self-possession is not only necessary but easy to experience while caving. The underground environment, the reduction of customary stimuli, the physical demands of climbing and crawling, the taste of panic make one acutely aware of the present moment. The problem is usually something tangible, such as how to get a hip around a four-inch projection of

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Caves continued

limestone. When you succeed, there is a sense that you are very alive, in good control of your functions. You are astonished at the strong and sharp satisfaction and realize how seldom you find the same goodness in more complex and conventional experiences.

A metaphysician-caver I know claims that caving is not a do-it-yourself substitute for psychotherapy; instead, it shrinks to "a poor man's cave."

WINDFLOWER CAVE

To get there from the nearest road, you have to walk through a pasture, then wade a shallow, swift tributary of the James River a few hundred yards above a spectacular gorge. On the far side you pass through a thicket of hemlock and rhododendron and then climb an open slope. In the spring this slope is carpeted with anemones and windflowers. About 500 yards above the river crossing you come to a shoulder of the mountain, on top of which you can sit, smell the flowers and look at and listen to the white water boiling below. And here is the squarish opening to the cave.

Windflower is a small cave consisting of a single main passage less than half a mile long. Generally this passage is 20 feet or so wide and the footing is good. There are a couple of squeezes where the walls pinch in but no true crawlways. In one of the narrow places the floor of the passage is covered with two or three feet of clear cold water. On the way in, most people try to keep dry by straddling the water, hunching along above it with feet and hands braced against the walls. Invariably somebody slips into the water, and the party gives in to wetness and wades through the underground pool.

Walking through Windflower Cave takes about as much skill and involves about as much risk as walking on a mountain path. Nevertheless, a lot of very good cavers enjoy visiting the cavern because it is such a beautiful place.

Cave scenery is very different, principally because it is so simple. There is no vegetation, no wind, no clouds, no shifting source of illumination, no life (except for a few blind insects and amphibians) to distract attention from the rock and water sculpture. But the results of water flowing over, under and through limestone, dissolving and redepositing it, are infinitely complex and surprising. In Windflower Cave limestone tarrets, wed-

ding cakes, toadstools and sponges grow from the floor, hang from the ceilings and sprout from the walls. There is a section of ceiling covered with soda straws—fragile, almost crystalline tubes of hollow limestone through which absolutely pure water drips slowly. One of the gallery rooms is 60 feet high, and its walls are adorned with graceful, fluted, filigreed ledges. As illuminated by carbide flame, each formation has a different color and tone, from milk-white through gold and tawny to obsidian.

The impact of the strange color and form is heightened by the perspective. Rather than looking down, up or across at them, as is usually the case above-ground, cave formations are seen from the inside, which creates a three-dimensional effect. There is a surrealistic illusion of great space. In the main gallery room the fancy limestone work quickly soaks up the light from a carbide lamp. The limit of vision is 50 feet. Beyond the rim of flickering light, beyond the last shadow there is total blackness. In fact, just beyond the light there may be a solid rock face, but the darkness suggests immense reaches of space.

A notable feature of Windflower Cave is the Bacon Rind Room. Here, on one wall a hundred peculiar limestone slabs grow. Each is only an inch or two thick, vaguely circular, as much as 10 feet in diameter. They are clustered rank on rank and look like the gills of an enormous petrified fish. If tapped gently each gill gives off a slightly different, vibrant, organlike sound. The musically inclined can make eerie underground music on these gills. John made our music. "Wow," he said, listening to the echoes bouncing off the irregular walls, "if I could take this scene with me, I could absolutely blow the mind of every head in Isla Vista." In many caves there is what might be called esthetic food. There is nothing extraordinary or eccentric about the satisfactions to be found in a place like Windflower Cave. Rather it would be a profoundly unnatural man who could not find enjoyment there.

DEAD HORSE CAVE

Pancake's is subtle; Windflower is delicate. There is very little of either quality about Dead Horse Cave, a great brute of a hole with 10 miles of passages that branch off in a bewildering maze. There are circular walks and crawlways and

deep wells and high chimneys that connect half a dozen different levels. There are several enormous bowling-alley-sized rooms. There are impressive formations that are more massive than intricate. Within the cave, which is dry, there is an abundance of scree and rotten crumbling ledges. Many passages and rooms are littered with great blocks and shards of rock that have fallen like pieces of giant tile from a decaying mansion. All in all it is a place that makes *mamy*, including myself, vaguely uneasy. It seems as if it is the kind of hole trolls might inhabit.

The day we decided to inspect Dead Horse we were running low on carbide. We had only enough left for five of us to stay underground for three hours. I was not annoyed about this shortage, which in fact fitted in nicely with the doubts I was having about Dead Horse. I alone had been in the cave, but only twice, and the last time 15 years previously. I was certain that I could not sort out the complex passages. What with carbide and confidence being in short supply I suggested we try to do only one thing: find a big room playfully named Grendel's Pantry by spelunkers. In lay, I thought, within an hour of the entrance and could be reached without too much trouble.

We floundered about for a while probing dead ends before emerging from a crawlfay into a passage that seemed headed in the right direction. This passage was deep, narrow and multilevel. Every so often it was interrupted by a wall of rock, a gaping pit or chasm. It was necessary to climb over or go under these obstructions, ascending a chimney or dropping down through a well and continuing on at a different elevation. Some of these downers and uppers were difficult, requiring traverses of flaky ledges that overhung free drops of 30 feet.

Through no failure of skill or nerve, Beth had taken a short but painful fall in Pancake's Cave two days before. She had bruised her back and had stiffened up considerably. Soon we came to a broad ledge, where we sat down for a break. Beth asked if we would come past this place on our return. I said we would, that we did not have enough carbide or a good enough guide to look for alternative passages. "Then I guess I'll stay here and wait for you," Beth said. "I'm sore and I'm getting a little shaky."

Beth is a strong, venturesome woman, a national-class athlete and physically the

most talented of all of us. Being this and a woman, she is extremely sensitive to any suggestion of frailty or timidity. Knowing Beth, we were impressed by her decision. Self-possession takes various forms. One is knowing what you can do if you take hold of yourself firmly. Another is knowing what you cannot do, the limit beyond which mind-over-matter games become dangerous fantasies.

A quarter of a mile past where she stopped we climbed toward the top of the canyon room and came out on a wide ledge where we could walk upright. We then began to encounter shafts angling up through the roof. I investigated these, having the recollection that the final entry into Grendel's Pantry was made through such a chimney. Most of them were obviously not right, extending only a few feet upward through the rock, but one that kept going beyond the range of a headlamp seemed promising.

Chimneying is a technique for ascending an open shaft or advancing horizontally between two faces of rock. It involves bridging the open space with your body by bracing your shoulders, back and hips against one wall, your feet against the other. Pressure keeps you suspended in place, and by shifting your body and the pressure you move ahead. It is not a difficult or strenuous maneuver. Rock walls are seldom smooth. There are projections and niches on and in which you can take a breather.

This particular chimney was big and easy. It started upward to the left and after about 15 feet bent sharply to the right around a knob before continuing for another 20 feet. The top seemed to be wedged shut with assorted slabs, but I went all the way up and braced in the blocked area to make certain that there were no passable crevices. While so engaged I felt a hint of movement, a certain uneasiness in the rock under my left foot. Swinging my light around I saw I was braced on a roundish chunk jammed in between the wall of the chimney and, above, a really formidable 6'x6'x6' block of limestone, which if it ever came down through the shaft would make an effective tombstone. That the small rock was not solid was obvious. How important it was to the stability of the tombstone was not at all obvious, but when the possibilities became apparent, I felt an instant stab like an electric shock starting in my lower stomach and traveling up-

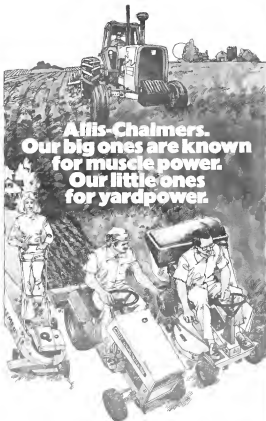
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Caves

ward rapidly. In response to this flash of panic I started down the chimney, very gingerly at first but swiftly once I had rounded the midway knob. I fell out of the bottom in a shower of scree and sweat.

"What's the verdict?" Sam asked.

"There is a rock up there like a pointy grapefruit which may be holding up another one that weighs approximately eight tons."

"Leave us not linger," advised Sam, and we did not.

We went back and collected Beth, then worked our way to the surface. The group seemed to be feeling very lively. Like kids dashing through a sprinkler trying to avoid the water but not really minding when they didn't, we had done a little flailing with fear.

Without being entirely perverse or contentious there is something that can be said for fear. Pure physical fright can be a tonic, like a very cold shower or 150-proof rum. A wild cave is a fine place to taste this. Darkness and claustrophobia provide a kind of substratum of fear underlying even routine caving. Then there are special circumstances—the prospect of getting lost, falling into an abyss, becoming the permanent cornerstone of a cave—to give extra jolts of stimulation.

Even if all of this can be momentarily accepted—that caves are scary and a little terror can be lucky—there remains the question of why bother to go into a hole or scale a mountain or run rapids to get this thrill. After all, ordinary, everyday life increasingly provides abundant opportunities for being scared to death. Perhaps it is that there is an unsatisfactory abstract quality to the worst contemporary alarms. Poisoned air, rich food, crooked politicians, high taxes, paranoid bosses, predatory junkies and highway traffic are far more threatening than the worst cave chimney. Each day we run the risk of being victims of something or somebody. But these do not cause stabs of pure fear as often as they do insomnia, ulcers, overeating, drinking and smoking. Worry and anxiety seem to stann and deaden the soul while genuine old-fashioned natural fear tends to whet the teeth, sweeten the breath and make child-bearing a pleasure. Faced with the prospect of being ultimately conked by a boulder, a shrek goes up, to be sure, but it is an affirmative one—"Hey, I'm alive, and very glad of it."

END

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The compact Nova 6 Hatchback is a very sensible car to have on moving days. Its hatch opens a lot wider than the hatches you'll find on many economical compact cars. And with the rear seats folded down, you get six feet of flat load space. Almost like having a wagon. But whether you're carrying people or things in your Nova 6 Hatchback, the six-cylinder engine under the hood helps you carry them economically.

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The Nova 6 Hatchback looks like a fairly small compact car. Until you see the bedroom. To turn it Nova 6 Hatchback into a bedroom, you simply open the hatch, fold down the rear seats and attach the tent-like Hutch—an available feature that can make this Hatchback even more economical and sensible when you're on the road.

THE *2647 NOVA.

People seem to have trouble believing the low base price of a glamorous 2-door Nova Coupe like this one. But it's absolutely true. For a lot of people, this basic Nova 6 model is the most sensible. It has room for six passengers, and an economical six-cylinder engine under the hood. You can rely on the value of the Nova 6. Chevrolet has been building and refining this sensibly sized, practically priced car for thirteen years.



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NOVA 6**
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*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, optional equipment, state or local taxes are additional.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 8-12

ARMED—ARIZONA STATE won the men's U.S. intercollegiate team championship at Deland, Fla., with the San Diego State Lutheran teaming the individual crown. SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY secured the women's team title, as Chapel Area, also of Arizona State, captured the top individual honors (page 6).

BASKETBALL—NBA: The Boston Celtics beat the Milwaukee Bucks 103-87 in the seventh game of the first series to win their first title since the Bill Russell era ended in 1969 (page 21).

ABA: The New York Nets won their championship by defeating the Utah Stars four games to one in their playoff series (page 24).

BOXING—Surviving a first-round knockdown, JERRY QUARRY knocked out Joe Alexander in the second round at Nassau (N.Y.) Coliseum to retain his status as WBA No. 3 heavyweight contender.

CHESS—In the Scitarral Chessboard Match at the world championships in Leningrad, BORIS SPASSKY was dominated by Leningrad Grandmaster ANATOLY KARPOV, defeating seven of a quarter match with Bobby Fischer. Karpov next met Viktor Korchnoi, also of Leningrad, to determine Fischer's challenger for the next year.

CREW—The HARVARD variety skip, led by Co-skipper Dave Weinberg and Skipper Al Sherr, won the heavyweight Eastern Regatta Championship for the first time in 10 years. The Crimson also scored victories in four of the other five races in Worcester, Mass. and placed second to Cornell in the heavyweight freshmen competition.

GOLF—DAVE HILL shot a final round 68 for a 12-under-par 235 to win the now-played \$150,000 Houston Open.

JO ANN PRENTICE was declared winner of the American Defender Golf Classic at Raleigh, N.C., after she fired the comeback on the final round. Her 3-hole birdie of 121, three under par, overtook leader of Laura Baugh and those in front of Debbie Austin, who was good for 15,000.

HOCKEY—NHL: Philadelphia faced off against Boston in the Stanley Cup final and scored a 2-1 lead in the series. Claude Ruel in Boston went to the final 3-2 when Bobby Orr passed on a warty Bernie Parent with 22 seconds left. Flyers Coach Phil Spector has issued in the second assistant, dressing Parent for a one skater with a minute to go and at worked. Philadelphia's Andre Durocher won the score 3-2, and Bobby Clarke scoring in overtime for a 3-2 Flyers win. Back home in Philadelphia, the Flyers took Game Three 4-1.

YHA: A four-goal second period sparked Chicago to a 5-2 win over Toronto in the seventh game of their playoff series, sending the Cougars into the finals against Houston. There they hit 3-1 in the first game against the Howe-powered Aeros.

HORSE RACING—SPECIAL TEAM (312-20), ridden by Miguel Rivera, and CHRIS EVERT (33-60), drove Winchamper up, took the division of the \$111,250 Acacia Stakes, first leg of the triple crown for 3-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct.

LACROSSE—Prepping for next week's NCAA tournament semifinals, No. 3 Johns Hopkins handed No. 1 Maryland its first defeat, 11 college games, upsetting the Tarps 17-13 in Baltimore. Rich Kowalski starred with four goals and one assist as the Jays finished a 9-3 season. In the college division, No. 2 Hobart dropped a game to Cornell (17-12), but came back to start Backus 21-3. No. 1 Towson State (34-3) led by Loyola of Baltimore 28-6.

NOTOR EVENTS—Three-time winner A.J. FOYT narrowly won the pole position for the 5th running of the Indianapolis 500 with a qualifying run of 194.83 mph in his Coyote Ford. Eleven other drivers are still eligible for the pole when qualifying resumes next week (page 30).

BEAUFY EMBERTON FITZPATRICK drove his McLaren to a half-rough victory over Australian Niki Lauda in the Belgian Grand Prix, while Jody Scheckter of South Africa came in third when Swiss driver Clay Regazzoni ran out of fuel and crashed the final 140 yards of the 196-Grade race.

SOCCER—The Toronto Metro won over the lead in the northern division of the NASL, beating the Denver Dynamos 1-0 and the Miami Toros, 2-1. Baltimore, an expansion team, defeated New York 1-2 but lost to Philadelphia 1-2. Baltimore now leads Philly by one point in the eastern division. Other points from the new San Jose Earthquakes (a one-drawer from the Vancouver Whitecaps 1-1, and from the Dallas Tornado 4-3, for the western division lead.

TENNIS—Australian JOHN NEWCOMBE captured the \$15,000 first prize in the World Championship of Tennis at Dallas, beating Sweden's Bjorn Borg in the final 4-6, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2 (over 3).

TRACK & FIELD—IVORY CROCKETT, a 24-year-old assistant salesman composing for the Philadelphia Flyers, ran the 800-yard dash in 9.0 at the Troy Bank Clinic in Knoxville, Tenn., breaking the world record of 9.1 first set by Bob Hayes in 1963.

REN JIUCHO of Korea succeeded to dominate the drivers on the IFA track, running the fastest pole time that year, a 4.906, to beat Dave Wozniak and

Jon Ryan. An hour later the Atlanta Ore scored of 3.172 new Japs to take the two-mile race in a R&A. RANDY MATSON turned in his best-ever indoor work, 3.151, to eclipse Brian Oldfield in the quartet.

VOLLEYBALL—UCLA defeated the University of California at Santa Barbara (UCSB) to win its fourth NCAA championship in five years (page 29).

BASEBALL—ACCEPTED. As budding applicants eligible for the upcoming NBA draft, 20 college professionals, including sophomores JAMES (112) WILLIAMS of Santa Clara, and juniors GARY BROOKS of Santa Clara, CAMPY RUSSELL of Michigan and MAURICE LUCAS of Marquette ANNOUNCED: They will play the team's front-office staff at the end of the season.

DISMAYED: Charges of racial superiority moved in New York tracks, against Hansson driver BEN WEBSTER, WILLIAM HEDGECOCK, MAURICE PUSEY and GEORGE FOLEY. Nine other drivers are still on trial.

MOVED: The TORONTO franchise of the WFL to Memphis. The Southerners, formerly the Northstars, have first choice of playing dates in Memorial Stadium for the past 10 years rather than an alternate lease.

NAMED: To the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame, in the former category, RAY (100) (Pete) MYLEN and the late EDWARD (80) (Buck) MARRIAGE. After playing for Santa Clara in Santa Clara, Michigan, he led a 116-112 record in 10 years (1921-39) coaching St. Mary's of California. Mylen, a quarterback at Fordham & Michigan, had two undefeated seasons (1937, 1940) during his seven years of coaching at Lafayette.

SIGNED: A two-year contract with the WHA Edmonton Oilers, by two-time NHL JACQUES PLASTRE, 45, who won twice Vezina Trophies as the NHL's outstanding goalie. In order to play games, Plante got a 10-year contract with the WHA Quebec Nordiques after seven seasons as coach and general manager.

DIED: FRED W. KELLY, 82, goal tended winner in the 1960s high hurdles at the 1912 Stockholm Olympics, in Montreal, Que.

DIED: ELEANOR (Toshy) TENNANT, 39, former actress whose pupils included the late Martin Connolly, Brooks and Bobby Ryan, in Los Angeles, Calif.

DESTROYED: LINDA'S CHIEF, after suffering a broken back in Hollywood Park's Los Angeles Handicap. The 5-year-old colt was last year's undefeated money-winner, last year with \$236,180, and having money-winner last year with \$236,180.

CREDITS

73—Walter Jones Jr., 25—John D. Horton, 26—Paul Epstein-Bloom, 29—Ray G. Carver, 30, 31—Helen Rasmussen, 34, 35—Lara Stewart, 35—Dorothy M. Michael, 36—John Irving, 38—Eric Schwabach

FACES IN THE CROWD



PHIL PARTRIDGE, 63, a civil engineer from New York City, set world age-group records in all five throwing events (discus, shotput, javelin, hammer and 35-pound weight) in one day at a Masters meet in Raleigh, N.C., the first time this has been done.



TRACY McDONALD, 13, a freshman at Mira Costa High in Manhattan Beach, Calif., won the 13-and-under singles title—which she previously took at age 11—and the doubles championship at the National Junior Badminton tournament in Seattle.



DARRELL MADSON, of Selma, N.H., became the 13th jockey in U.S. horse-racing history to ride 3,000 winners when he guided Chambers 2nd to victory at Narragansett Park. The 51-year-old Madson won his first race 34 years and about 21,000 mounts ago.



STEVE GOSS, 13, an eighth-grader at Earl Warren Junior High in Corona Valley, Calif., hoisted 126.8 pounds in the clean and jerk at the Pacific Association of the AAU Junior Olympic weight lifting championship, to set an age-group record in the 93-pound class.



MARY LOU PIATEK, 12, of Whiting, Ind., won the 14-and-under girls' singles title in the Public Parks Indoor tennis championships at Elmhurst, Ill., to extend her winning streak to 35 straight matches. She has not lost a set in six consecutive tournaments.



RALPH WELBORN, 32, a junior at Mt. Hood Community College in Gresham, Ore., rolled 1,987 for 10 games to win the national collegiate all-events title on the American Bowling Congress lanes in Indianapolis. Webber carried a 190 average.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROUGH STUFF

Sir:

I can't hold back any longer (*It's Sockeye, the Way They Play It Here*, May 6). When are you guys going to face the fact that the Philadelphia Flyers are an excellent hockey team? You have been down on them all year. Fighting is part of the game. The Hammer tells it as it is: this is the National Hockey League, not the Ice Capades. Maybe someday *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Clarence Campbell will realize this.

DAVE COPI

Springfield, Ill.

Sir:

Bobby Clarke is justified in feeling weary of hearing so much about the Flyers' boxing talents and so little about the other skills the club has at its disposal (*Three Nice Guys Fight First*, May 13). However, as long as the Flyers persist in the kind of antics they displayed in Game Three against the Rangers (19 minutes of penalties in the first three min-

utes of play) they will continue to be regarded as villains. The word "stupid" may also begin to crop up in press reports.

TIMOTHY J. STORY

Indianapolis

Sir:

Your criticism of hockey officiating (*Scorecard*, May 6) was arrogant and unfounded. If both Philadelphia and New York had complaints during their semifinal, then I am inclined to think that the refereeing was fair.

RICHARD KAVERT

Cambridge, Mass.

NEW RULES

Sir:

With regard to the rule changes in the NFL (*The Pro Football Revolution*, May 6), in essence what the league has done is go back to basics. Last year the NFL worked mainly off a rushing offense. With wide receivers being mugged by defensive backs at the snap

of the ball, teams had no alternative but to come out running or throw short.

Of all the altered rules the restricted bump and run may turn out to be the most surprising and effective. Perhaps an entirely new breed of receiver may spring up. There is no doubt that the already established receiver can only get better.

JIM FORTI

Derby, N.Y.

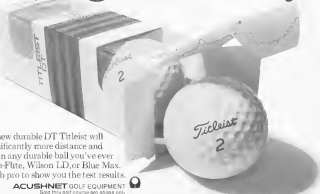
Sir:

The NFL's 15-minute sudden-death period certainly is a most welcome addition, but each team should be entitled to have possession of the ball at least once during that time. The toss of the coin should determine only who gets possession first. After all, why should one team gain possession, score a cheap field goal and be declared the winner? In baseball, basketball and hockey each team gets a reasonable chance to score.

JOSEPH MALEX

Berwyn, Ill.

Wilson LD players, have we got a ball for you!



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New DT Titleist. The longest durable ball ever made.

Sir:

I sincerely hope Mr. Maule enjoys himself covering this new sport. We real football fans are going to turn away from the gamemaking of the pros and get our kicks from the college game this fall.

ROCCO ZAPPONE

Washington, D.C.

TWO-WHEELERS

Sir:

I was glad to see your interesting story about a very exciting sport (*King of the Road* on *Two Wheels*, May 6). Unfortunately, many people put down motorcycles and their riders. Your story on Kenny Roberts shows that clean-cut, intelligent young men also ride. He is a wonderful example for aspiring racers.

Motorcycle racing comes in a variety of types, from road racing to moto-cross, and there are many fine young men who have earned recognition for their achievements in this demanding sport. I am sure I am not alone in hoping that you will continue to write more stories about them.

PAT PEOO

Warren, Ohio

Sir:

Sam Moser's article surely put motor cyclist Kenny Roberts in his proper place—on the limelight. Kenny deserves to be there.

CHIP HAYS

Montgomery, Ala.

EVIL ON EVILS

Sir:

Re your comments about me in *SCORECARD* ("Rated PG," April 29), my readers should be informed that for eight long years I have traveled this country, trying to do all that is possible with youth concerning motor safety, the wearing of helmets, the use of seat belts, etc. I have always tried to discourage everyone, and especially youngsters—including my own—from taking unnecessary chances, not because taking a chance is something society may think is dangerous but simply because the person or child may not be capable of handling the circumstances. I further have stated that I do not perform a wheelie or a jump without a helmet and that no one ever should.

Throughout my career I also have spoken against drinking, smoking and narcotics. I have never performed anywhere in this country where I have not spoken out to all in attendance—children and adults, each and every one—against the dangers of these three things.

I took off my black leather jacket and replaced it with a white one. I have fought to destroy the outlaw image of motorcycling in every way I could.

EVEL KNEVEL

Butte, Mont.

continued

this new palm-sized machine may be the greatest breakthrough in dictating equipment since the invention of magnetic tape



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\$99⁹⁵

We don't have to tell you on the convenience or necessity of dictating equipment. But, most so-called "portable" machines are often cam versions, have bad reproduction, use non-standard tapes and are limited in features and performance.

But Murac Micromatic is different and better. It is a complete breakthrough in design and engineering and has features and performance never before seen in any portable equipment.

First, the Murac is light and small! It weighs 28 oz. and measures 5 1/2" x 10 1/2" x 1 1/2" fits in your palm and you can comfortably carry it in your pocket or in your wrist.

It has the clarity and fidelity that you'd expect in a fine concert recorder. This performance is assured by its built-in condenser microphone, wow/flutter of less than 0.3%, frequency response of 150 to 8,000 Hz., and dynamic speaker with 400 mW output.

And here is the operational breakthrough that distinguishes the Murac: It is a one-button instrument. Yes, one button does it all—recording, playback, fast forward or rewind. Even to pause in recording or playback is done with a hold button and with just one finger.

Naturally, the Murac Micromatic uses standard 1 or 2 hr. tape cassettes available anywhere. It's great for taping lectures and conferences. Its built-in 3-digit counter lets you locate any segment of the tape fast and accurately.

With the Murac Micromatic you may use any standard cassette tape player for transcription. No need to tie up the machine itself or use specialized transcribing equipment. When traveling, just dictate and mail your tape. Naturally, if you prefer, you can use the Murac Micromatic itself for transcribing.

This remarkable instrument is loaded with features. Here are some others: ■ Built-in IC line amplifier for perfect recording ■ Easy-load pop-up cassette door ■ Built-in battery strength meter ■ Built-in recording level guide ■ Input jack for remote control mike. Outpocket for earphones or speaker ■ Adapter for playing through AC outlets ■ Uses four standard batteries.

The best surprise, perhaps, about the Murac Micromatic is the price. It's just \$99.95. Compare this value with other recorders selling for \$150 or more.

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311-4

AFFABLE SAM

Sir:

We agree with Dan Jenkins that Sam Adams (*A Boney' Play It Again, Sam*, May 6) is having a tough time making a living on the PGA tour. But Sam is no loser. We were locker-room attendants at the 1973 Quad-Cities Open and had an opportunity to meet many of the pro golfers on the tour. Some were very cordial—Dave Stockton and Tom Watson, to name two—but nobody was any nicer to us than Adams. He was very gracious and good-natured and always had time to talk to us, even on the last day when the tournament pressure was on him. Although Sam might not win a million dollars on the tour, he certainly is going to win friends wherever he goes.

TOM LYLE
DOUG LYLE

Bettendorf, Iowa

Y'S AND WHEREFORES

Sir:

Jerry Kirshenbaum is to be congratulated on his fine grasp of the grass-roots feel of the National YMCA Swimming and Diving Championships in Fort Lauderdale (*Agh, Y and Then Some*, May 6). Having done that

job so well it is too bad he didn't feel secure enough as a literary sophisticate to resist the temptation to disassociate himself from Middle America by coating his article with a layer of cynical condescension.

Downgrading the Y Nationals because the competition was not up to the AAU Nationals makes about as much sense as downgrading the local high school football team because Notre Dame would clobber it. (Or didn't Jerry know that AAU Nationals include all the top college swimmers while YMCA Nationals specifically exclude college swimmers?) His statement that YMCA's don't produce superstars doesn't jibe too well with his later statement that Mark Spitz started out with the Sacramento Y. And when Kirshenbaum says the records broken "were merely YMCA records" should we then sneer at the latest high school scoring champs because the records are only high school records?

Waverly, Pa.

WILL MURRAY

RED HEADS

Sir:

My compliments to William Johnson and Nancy Williamson on their article about the

All American Red Heads (*All Red, So Help Them Hence*, May 6). Having seen them play in person I can testify to the basketball talent they all possess. They played before a packed crowd of 1,300 in our wood-ceilinged high school gym. That was the most people our gym had held in a long time. Although our local all-stars beat them, I was impressed with the fantastic ability the Red Heads showed. I also enjoyed the comic routines. They are fine basketball players, and we felt lucky to have them in our town.

More important, however, the Red Heads carry with them the true meaning of basketball. They play for the love of the game, not for huge salaries. Also, they play to entertain people and to help other groups, as they did our school band. It is only because of groups like this that sport remains what it was meant to be.

TED HAYDEN

South Fulton, Tenn.

Sir:

If happiness is a rigorous seven-month schedule that calls for 60,000 miles of driving, quackie meat-loaf dinners, an average salary of about \$30 a game and Christmas in Joplin, Mo., then utter despair must

continued

Top-Flite players, have we got a ball for you!

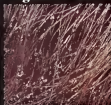


Acushnet's new durable DT Titleist will give you significantly more distance and accuracy than any durable ball you've ever played—Top-Flite, Wilson LD or Blue Max. Ask your club pro to show you the test results.

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New DT Titleist. The longest durable ball ever made.

**Their hairspray
goes on wet.**



Every other men's
hairspray we know of
goes on wet.

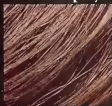
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10TH HOLE *continued*

be playing for the New York Knicks. Somebody should take the blinders off those girls.

PETER SCHMATT

Montgomery, Ala.

HIGH ON DENDON

Sir:

Regarding the article on Mary Decker (*Mary, Mary, Not Contrary*, April 22), let's set the record straight. When Don DeNoon drove Mary to some 200 meets in his Duster, nobody else wanted to go. But when he made her a world-class athlete and the meet directors started offering two airline tickets to track events in faraway places, suddenly everyone was interested in going, and the catch came up excess baggage.

The Blue Angels are 100% behind Don DeNoon. We will put up the record of our young club against anyone. Last year we placed three teams in the cross-country championships and one became national champion. Currently we have some of the best 800 runners, including the finest 9-year-old-and-under in the country, two of the best 10- and 11-year-olds, a 13-year-old who is tops and a 16-year-old who will run under 2:10 this year.

ALLAN GILLINGHAM
President
Blue Angels

Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir:

We feel that the article did an injustice to our coach, Don DeNoon. We do not feel that Don works us or pushes us too hard, and he never forces anyone to do anything she does not want to do. If the workouts are easy, then we feel we are not working hard enough. But when the workouts are strenuous, we know we are getting better and closer to our goals.

LISA DAVIS

TERESA TEEGARDEN

Huntington Beach, Calif.

PUNISHMENT

Sir:

I just read the story about outrageous puns in SCORECARD ("Organ Stops and Desist," April 29). Sorry about this, but here is one more from a diehard Chicago Cub fan:

Reuschel on down and see the never Frailing Cubs. Start a Houston and a bolkin' as much as you can. They're sure to beat the Cardinals and the rest of the National League clubs. With a Mitter like wald's behind the plate, how can they lose? Anyone can see they have the division title Madlocked up (as well as Lockmmed) Monday or any day of the week the Cubs will win. You'll be seeing Morales of them come October.

ALVIN YELLEN

Highland Park, Ill.

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

WHO'S ON FIRST? (CONT.)

Sir:

Frank Deford's exposition on the invasion of our formerly "sugar and spice and all that's nice" little girls into the hitherto all-male Little League (*Now George-Porgy Ross Away*, April 22) is one of the most amusing articles I have seen in SI for some time.

The hilarity of the altercation between the Little Leaguers and the feminists gives rise to several questions. Do the girls want to participate with the boys or are they being provoked into a situation they would just as soon live without? Why aren't the Little Leaguers hesitating to organize and support similar leagues of reputable quality for the girls? And most of all, why are so many adults acting like little boys and girls?

If the present state of affairs does not improve, one can only jokingly await the day we begin fighting over the patently unfair "His" and "Hers" of public restrooms. Thank God there are only two sexes.

LONNIE T. YEABROOD

Oklahoma City

Sir:

There couldn't be a better candidate to represent the Little League girls than Frances Pezicore! The minute I turned to page 26 and saw her photo, I fell in love with her.

KRYN J. MICHEL

Sandusky, Ohio

Sir:

Being a boy, I have an opinion on girls being allowed to play Little League baseball. In my first year I did not want girls to play, but last year I fractured my arm two weeks before the season started, and I spent the whole year watching my teammates from the first-base coach's box. I concluded that watching is no fun for me, so it must not be fun for girls. I say let them play.

SCOTT CAGIUX

Rochester, Mich

Sir:

In response to Dale Allison's letter (April 29) regarding Little League issues, please be advised that an all-girl baseball program, the Sally League, has been established in Oceanside (Long Island), N.Y. this year. The Sally League follows Little League rules and regulations and, as far as I know, may be the first hardball program for 10- to 12-year-old girls in the United States. The league is made up of six sponsored teams and, according to Sally League Commissioner Sam Cooperman, boys are not eligible.

BURT ECKSTEIN

Oceanside, N.Y.

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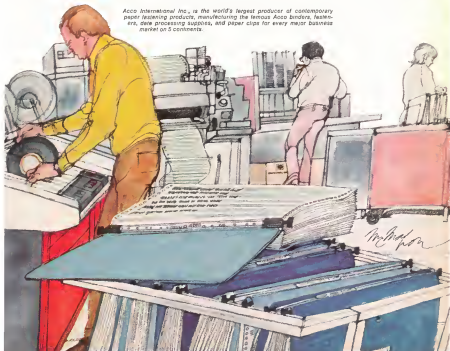


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This is no new program, but if you're like thousands of other people, this is the first you've heard of it.

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Excuse 3. I don't do well on tests.

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We can't tell you the tests are easy—they're not. But we can tell you that most people do a lot better on these tests than they think they will.

Excuse 4. I didn't learn anything in school.

CLEP is based on the fact that people learn a lot outside of school.

Certainly you've learned from your work. And from what you've read. And where you've traveled.

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While most men won't admit it, everyone has learned something in the military. And then there is television—which is more than a boob tube.

And the knowledge that comes from simply living.

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Excuse 5. I can't give up my job to go back to school.

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